God, Man and the H-Bomb . . . An Editorial

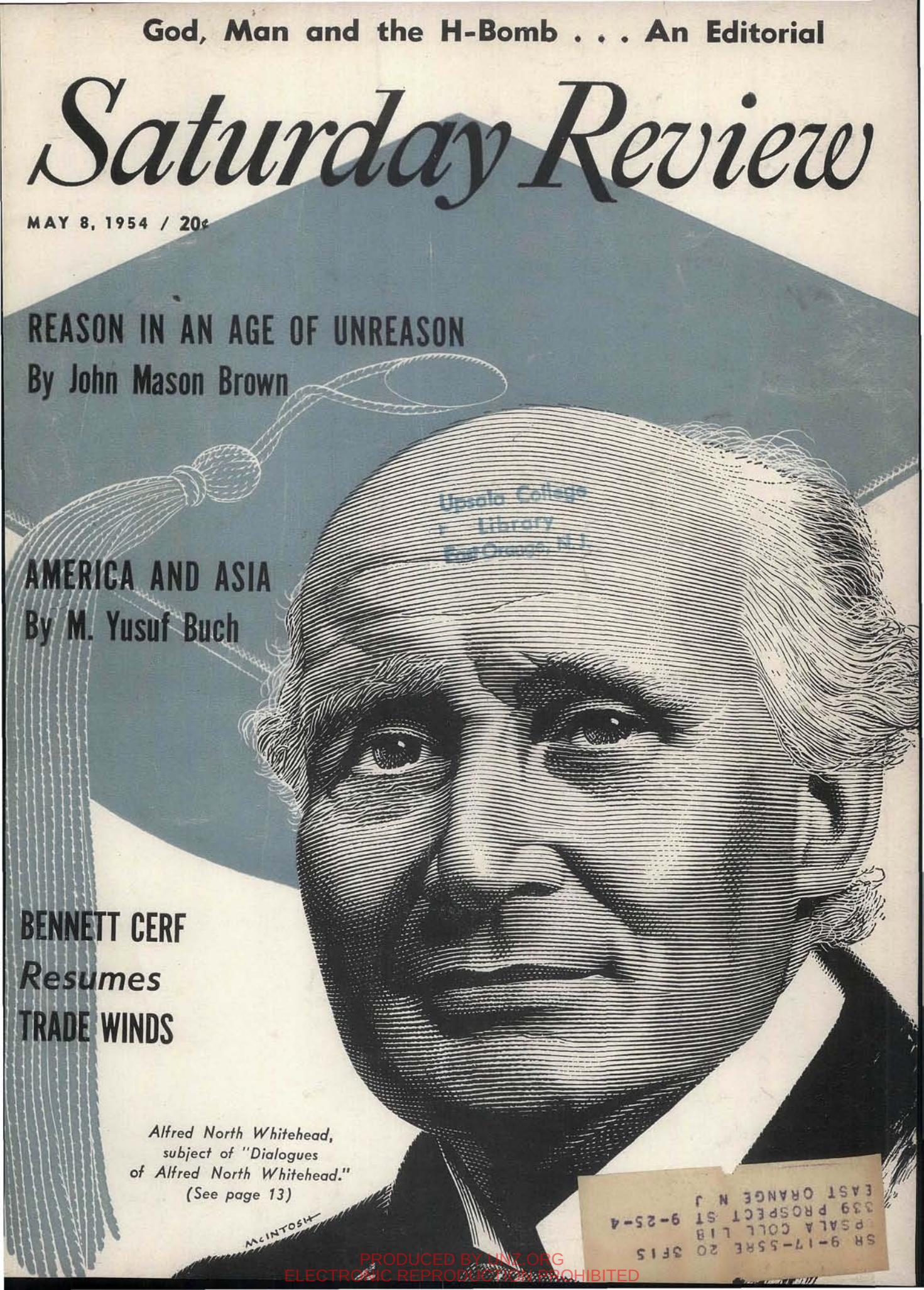
Saturday Review

MAY 8, 1954 / 20¢

REASON IN AN AGE OF UNREASON
By John Mason Brown

AMERICA AND ASIA
By M. Yusuf Buch

BENNETT CERF
Resumes
TRADE WINDS



Alfred North Whitehead, subject of "Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead." *(See page 13)*

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What do you think of when you hear the word *medical?* . . . Your family doctor? Your local hospital? Miracles of modern surgery? The impressive procession of new life-saving drugs?

Whatever comes to mind, remember this: no matter how specialized the various branches of medicine may be, they must all depend on one single source of manpower—America's compact network of 79 medical schools.

These schools constitute the fountainhead of all medical services. Without their graduates, no hospital, no medical research laboratory, no health agency could function.

Right now, the medical schools need your help. They need it urgently. They need it to provide enough doctors for our growing population and our military services, to maintain our unparalleled medical progress. Because medical education is of such vital importance to every American, more and more businessmen are coming to regard it for what it truly is . . . one of our great national resources, like the Red Cross, Community Chest and other essential public service agencies.

Let us tell you how you can help. Write for more details on the medical schools' needs, and how your firm can contribute to the solution of this serious national problem.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MEDICAL EDUCATION

- There are only 79 accredited medical schools in the United States.
- They train 82,000 undergraduates, specialists and technicians and graduate 6,500 doctors annually.
- It costs from $10,000 to $12,000 to train a doctor today.
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- In the past decade medical teaching budgets have risen 143%; administration and plant operation 150%.
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- *ALL* 79 medical schools can be aided by a *single* gift to the National Fund for Medical Education.
- Contributions are distributed through annual grants according to a schedule approved by the medical schools.
- The National Fund is a voluntary, non-profit organization approved and supported by the American Medical Association and the Association of American Medical Colleges.

For complete facts on the crisis facing medical education write to

The National Fund for Medical Education,
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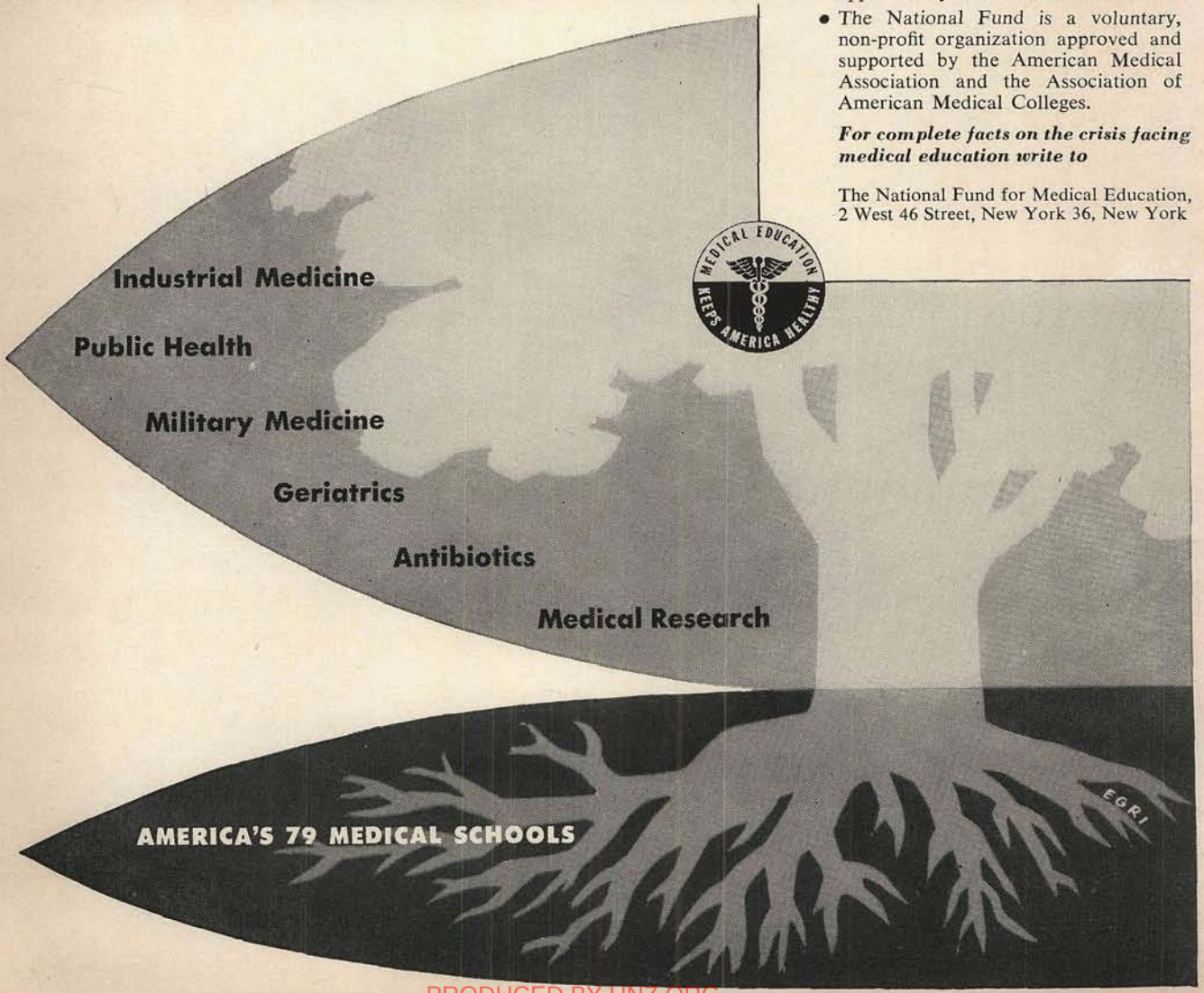
without the roots there can be no tree



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SR's Library Poll

WHAT is the history of Cambodia? Of Viet Nam? What is the border geography between Burma and Indo-China? Between Siam and Indo-China? Between Siam and Malaya? How solid is the Nationalist Government on Formosa? These are samples of the questions which scholarship and experience are going to take on for the American public in the next months—and which will play a big role in publishers' lists, a concern for the moods and mysteries of Asia which *SR*'s poll somewhat reflects already.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F) *
2. **But We Were Born Free** by Elmer Davis (G) **
3. **Tomorrow!** by Philip Wylie (F)
4. **Seven Years in Tibet** by Heinrich Harrer (G)
5. **Sayonara** by James A. Michener (F)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **The Second Tree from the Corner** by E. B. White (G)
8. **The Mind Alive** by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
9. **The Man Who Never Was** by Ewen Montagu (G)
10. **Life Is Worth Living** by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
11. **Bless This House** by Norah Lofts (F)
12. **Lord Vanity** by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
13. **Lélia** by André Maurois (G)
14. **Rainbow on the Road** by Esther Forbes (F)
15. **Fire in the Ashes** by Theodore H. White (G)
16. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
17. **The Doctors** by André Soubiran (F)
18. **Cress Delahanty** by Jessamyn West (F)
19. **The Conquest of Everest** by John Hunt (G)
20. **The Caine Mutiny** by Herman Wouk (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

Do YOU Set Meat Prices?

THE HOUSEWIFE SAYS . .

"We set meat prices? That's ridiculous! When I want meat I have to pay whatever the price tags say. True, I do shop around to make sure I get the most for my meat money, but if I don't like the prices I just don't serve meat as often."

THE RETAILER SAYS . . .

"Don't forget I shop the wholesale market for best buys, too. But regardless of what it costs, I've got to price my meat so it will move. Otherwise it would spoil. And I've got to offer good values or my customers will go to some other store."

THE MEAT PACKER SAYS . . .

"We're buying livestock and selling meat in competition with many other packers. If I bid lower than the market I don't get any livestock. And if I price my meat higher than the dealer can get it from some other packer, I don't get his meat business."

THE FARMER SAYS . . .

"When my meat animals are ready to sell, I either take what the market brings or keep on feeding the critters—and feed costs money. If the price makes raising livestock pay, I raise more animals. If it's so low that I lose money, I've got to cut back."

All these people are right. No *one* person or group can set meat prices.

But *40 million* housewives, deciding for themselves which cut is a good value and which isn't, help to determine what the price will be. Their *collective* decisions establish the *demand* for meat.

And *5 million* farmers and ranchers, who decide for themselves how many meat animals to raise and when to sell them, have an effect on prices. Their *collective* decisions determine the *supply* of meat.

Demand, matched against supply, determines price. When there is less of any kind of meat than people want, the price goes up (if it didn't retailers would run out of meat.) When there is more than people want, the price goes down (if it didn't some of the meat would spoil.)

It's an economic law, and competition among retailers and meat packers helps to enforce it.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE · *Headquarters, Chicago* · *Members throughout the U. S.*

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A young man planning a trip to Italy and France ordered the 1954 edition of "Richard Joseph's World Wide Travel Guide" (Doubleday). By mistake he was sent Joseph's "Your Trip to Britain," which so impressed him that he revised his itinerary to include England. Moreover, he has since bought "Richard Joseph's World Wide Travel Guide" to help with the rest of his trip.

¶ The Falkland Pursuivant Extraordinary and the Herald Painter Extraordinary to the Court of the Lord Lyon King of Arms have written a cheerful book called "Simple Heraldry" (Thomas Nelson). In witty and brightly colored drawings they explain such things as gules and argent, what to do about the arms of natural children, and how to get your own coat of arms. Very useful for crossword addicts, too.

Drama Review: Minority Report

I don't like girls
to look like elves;
I just like girls
to look like themselves.

¶ Leading candidate for the season's funniest book is "My Husband Keeps Telling Me To Go To Hell" (Hanover House), boners from Dorothy Dix's correspondence, with drawings by R. Taylor. The title comes from a letter which asked: "My husband keeps telling me to go to hell. Have I a legal right to take the children?"

¶ A newspaperman who had been interviewing a famous but fading society beauty remarked to me: "Time is creeping across her face on little crow's feet."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Books mentioned here may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, newest of which has just opened at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Conn.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

MAY 8, 1954

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SR/IDEAS

9 AMERICA AND ASIA, by M. Yusuf Buch
11 WILLA CATHER, by Marion King
12 REASON IN AN AGE OF UNREASON, by John Mason Brown
22 GOD, MAN, AND THE H-BOMB: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

13 DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD, recorded by Lucien Price
An Essay-Review by Brand Blanshard
14 THE WINDOWS OF THORNTON, by Peter Taylor
Reviewed by Mack Morriss
14 AND HAVE NOT LOVE, by Anne Parrish
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay
15 PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION, by Randall Jarrell
Reviewed by Edmund Fuller
16 PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATING POLITICS IN 1952, by Paul T. David, Malcolm Moos, and Ralph M. Goldman
THE VOTER DECIDES, by Angus Campbell
An Essay-Review by Sidney Hyman
17 THE MAN BEHIND ROOSEVELT, by Lela Stiles
Reviewed by Frank Friedel
18 THE HEART OF AFRICA, by Alexander Campbell
BEFORE THE AFRICAN STORM, by John Cookson
Reviewed by Emory Ross
19 RUM JUNGLE, by Alan Moorehead
Reviewed by C. Hartley Grattan
20 THE *TIRPITZ* AND THE BATTLE FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC, by David Woodward
Reviewed by Arthur A. Ageton
21 U. S. GRANT AND THE AMERICAN MILITARY TRADITION, by Bruce Catton
Reviewed by T. Harry Williams
38 EARLY NETHERLANDISH PAINTING, by Erwin Panofsky
Reviewed by Harry Bober
40 SCULPTURE: THEME AND VARIATIONS, by E. H. Ramsden
Reviewed by Belle Krasne

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf
24 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
25 BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes
26 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Al Hine
27 LITERARY I.Q.
28 TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon
29 MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin
30 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
34 IDEAS ON FILM, by Cecile Starr
37 THE FINE ARTS, by James Thrall Soby
46 LITERARY CRYPT
51 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 1050

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TRADE Winds

WHEN I WROTE my last TRADE WINDS column back in January, the book business was wallowing in the doldrums. I've been to California and back by stages that, sooner or later, I'm afraid you're going to be hearing about, and here it is May, but the wallowing persists, only more so. Let's hope this is one wallow that will maketh not a summer!

THE EYES—BEADY, ENVIOUS eyes—of the publishing world continue to be focussed on the phenomenal success of *Reader's Digest* Condensed Books, now hovering at a circulation mark substantially over a million and a half, and poised for even more dizzying flights. When last observed, the *Digest* promotion staff was offering meaty chunks of "Not As a Stranger," "The Night of the Hunter," "God and My Country," "The Young Elizabeth," and "The Best Cartoons from France," 576 pages in all, in a well-bound volume, for one slim dime, the tenth part of a dollar. The come-on—and fantastically successful it proved—was for subscriptions to similar volumes, four times a year, at two dollars each, postpaid. What sort of chance do you suppose an unheralded first novel, sometimes under 300 pages, and priced in the neighborhood of $3.50, stands against competition like that?

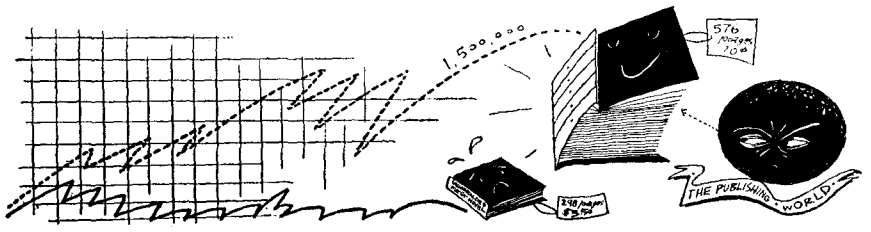
By one of those coincidences with which our publishing world bristles, the *Digest*'s plan no sooner had zoomed past the million mark than Doubleday entered the lists with "Best-in-Books," scheduled for six appearances a year, at $1.49 a copy, and blue-printed to include two full-length novels *complete*, two excerpts, two classics, one section of cartoons, and another of photographs.

And now Brother Geffen, of *Omnibook*, proposes to join the parade. *His* venture will be called "Books Abridged," and the grapevine insists that his advisors have plenty of know-how, not to mention cash in the bank.

Of course, all this activity represents a new bonanza to both the lucky authors and the publishers whose works are tapped for inclusion. The *Digest* royalty on any one selection already exceeds the loot from a major book club choice. Thoughtful publishers, however, prefer not to dwell upon the possible ultimate effect of one more powerful blow at the whole structure and fabric of the book business as we once knew it. After us the deluge! Grab while the grabbing is good! If worse comes to worst, there always are other ways of making a living! Old jokes, for instance. . . .

A LONG-PREDICTED SHOW-DOWN in the paperback, low-price field—both reprints and originals—has the entrepreneurs in that overcrowded field running around in circles. It has been estimated that paperback publishers can accept up to 25 per cent in returns and still operate at a profit. Today the average returns are close to 50 per cent, with new titles appearing in such a flood that the old ones—save for an occasional four-star job like "The Caine Mutiny" or "From Here to Eternity"—are yanked off the stands after one short month of exposure to the public. In other words, the average new paperback is accorded exactly the same life span as a magazine. Comes the next month's output via the not-too-enthusiastic wholesaler, and poof! there goes the old one faster than Stopette. Result: guarantees for new titles have shrunk to about a quarter of what they were six short months ago, and more than one Johnny-come-lately is just about hanging on by his fingernails.

THIS WOULD BE THE MOMENT our old friend Rex Stout would choose to renew his clamor about the unfair division of reprint royalties. It pleases Mr. Stout to believe that a publisher makes a sinful fortune out of every piece of trash he sponsors, while the author is fobbed off with a miserable pittance. Mr. Stout first grabbed a lot of headlines with this song and dance a full ten years ago, while the war was in progress. In fairness to him, it must be said that the paperback business was in clover at the time. The pub-



Some Things Can't Be Hurried—

and the hatching of this book was certainly one of them. The author came into the Catholic Church seven years ago, and has kept still about it until now. The author is

G. B. Stern

and the book is

ALL IN GOOD TIME

Much is gained from this long pause before writing. For instance, looking back from her present position, Miss Stern can see that at some stages along the way she was pretty funny, and having got the whole affair into perspective by this time, is delighted to share the joke. You will find her a model apologia-writer, entertaining, never bitter and never out for sympathy. There's no question of course, that having written 32 successful novels is quite a help.

$2.50
at any bookstore

There is an extract from this book in the current number of Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET: to get the Trumpet, free and postpaid, write to Elizabeth MacGill,

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NOTES *from* CALIFORNIA

There was a time when a knowledge of Greek and Latin and classical literature was considered part of a gentleman's equipment. How many fathers now write to their sons, as did Lord Chesterfield in 1745: "I hope you will keep company with Horace and Cicero among the Romans; and Homer and Xenophon among the Greeks . . ." Today, emphasis in education is on the sciences and anything considered "useful" in earning one's living. There is evident, however, an awareness of what men are losing by their neglect of the liberal arts. As Chesterfield reflected, what "an unhappy man I must now have been if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself at this age, without them?"

That the classical tradition is still important is shown by the fact that for forty years the University of California has sponsored the Sather Lectures in classical literature with lecturers coming from Britain, Europe, Canada, and the United States. Since 1921 these lectures have been published by the University of California Press. Volumes 26 and 27 are the most recent.

Personal Religion among the Greeks, by André-Jean Festugière, O.P. ($3.75), Director of Studies at the École des Hautes Études, Paris, shows that religion in a personal and private sense was known to the Greeks, as distinguished from the civic or state religions in which they participated as a birthright. Extensive contact with the religions of Asia Minor and Egypt brought them closer to a monotheistic view.

In **The Greek Attitude to Poetry and History** ($3.75), A. W. Gomme, Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow, considers certain Greek poets in relation to the historical events which they recorded, and the Greek historians in connection with the "poetical" or artistic quality of their work.

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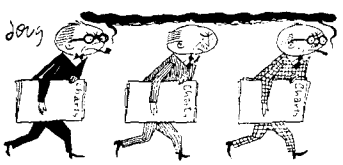
lishers sent a committee up to the Writers' War Board to see Rex Stout and study the actual figures with him. I myself, a member of that committee, firmly believed that the quarter-book lads in those bonanza days could well have afforded to up their royalty rate by as much as a cent a copy (even a half-cent hike today would put most of them out of business). All of us were prepared to prove to Stout, however, in black and white that a fifty-fifty split of the total royalties between author and original publisher was not only eminently fair, but the only way in which the original publisher could continue to publish marginal fiction,



promising first novels, and most Westerns and whodunits with any chance whatever of netting a profit.

It didn't take long to discover that Rex had no interest in examining mere statistics. He preferred to huff and puff up and down the office, threatening to steer his authors' committee into publishing paperbacks itself if we didn't grant his full demands then and there. We carried home our charts (unopened), and Rex, presumably, went back to writing detective stories (a job he performs exceedingly well). At any rate, his threats did not materialize.

BUT NOW, I NOTE from Raymond Walter, Jr.'s, TRADE WINDS column of February 20, the doughty Mr. Stout rides again! Though it's hard to conceive of a more unpropitious moment, he is renewing his threats to set up a new reprint house run by and for the authors. He is undeterred by the disaster that befell other writers who tried to mastermind their own magazine in the relatively lush days of 1947.

The unkindest cut existing paperback publishers could inflict upon Rex Stout and his committee would be to actually assist them in setting up shop instead of trying to dissuade them. Let them learn facts the hard way! If they ever offer stock to the general public, I respectfully submit that it will be the greatest short sale since the day Electric Bond and Share appeared on the tape at 189.

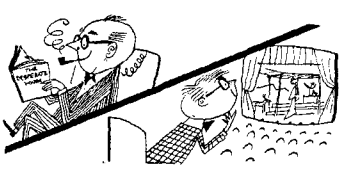
INCIDENTALLY, the caliber of paperbacks already in the market is improving tremendously. Suggestive jackets and sleazy blurbs are on the way out. As for titles, just look at the new non-fiction lists of Mentor, Penguin, and Anchor Books for an example of what can be done in this medium if a modicum of intelligence and good taste are called into play!

WITH THE FOREGOING off my chest, I hope to lighten the tone of this column in weeks to come. The visiting talent did a bang-up job, but for my taste they recalled just a bit too sharply Briton Haddon's famous admonition (as quoted by Wolcott Gibbs) when Henry Luce was a care-laden undergraduate at Yale: "Look out, Harry: you'll drop the college."

Meanwhile, there are two desks full of mail to clear out. Over 200 letters relate to the name of Paul Revere's horse (a subject brought up in an unguarded moment just before I took off). Authorities differ sharply on this vital question, but with readers who care it's Scheherezade, three to one. (See Robert Lawson's "Mr. Revere and I.")

ADDICTS OF SPINE-TINGLING suspense stories have had precious little to cheer over in the past few seasons, but suddenly—and miraculously—two superlatively good ones have come along simultaneously. Davis Grubb's "The Night of the Hunter" and Joseph Hayes's "The Desperate Hours" hit the best-seller lists within a fortnight of publication and deserve to stay there for many weeks to come.

Just before leaving for California I had sent an advance copy of "The Desperate Hours" to Kemp Walters, who rides up to Mount Kisco with me on the 4:50 train on such Friday afternoons as we are both lucky enough to get away in time. On my return, I found a letter on my desk from the good Mr. Walters that posed a problem. He had managed, with great difficulty, he complained, to latch on to a pair of tickets way down front for a performance of "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Two hours before curtain time, however, he rashly had picked up "The Desperate Hours" and become so en-



grossed therein he had given the coveted pasteboards (ah, there, Charlie Morton) to his son so he might go on reading the book. This, I thought as I read, was a better testimonial to the book's appeal than all the glowing reviews.

But what do you think Mr. Walters wound up by demanding in his final paragraph? Another pair of seats to "The Teahouse"!

What do you think *I* did? I sent them to him! —BENNETT CERF.

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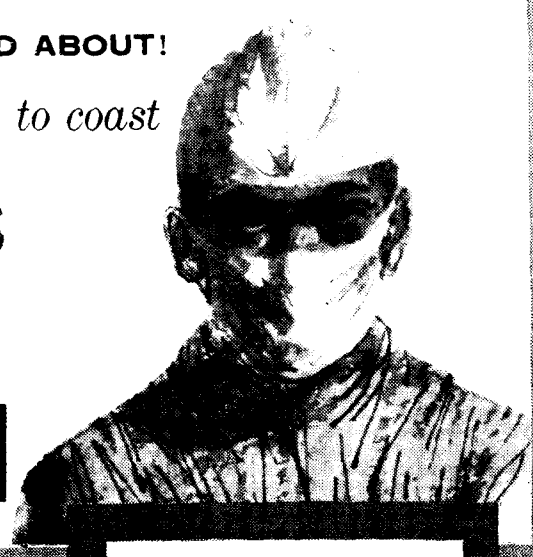

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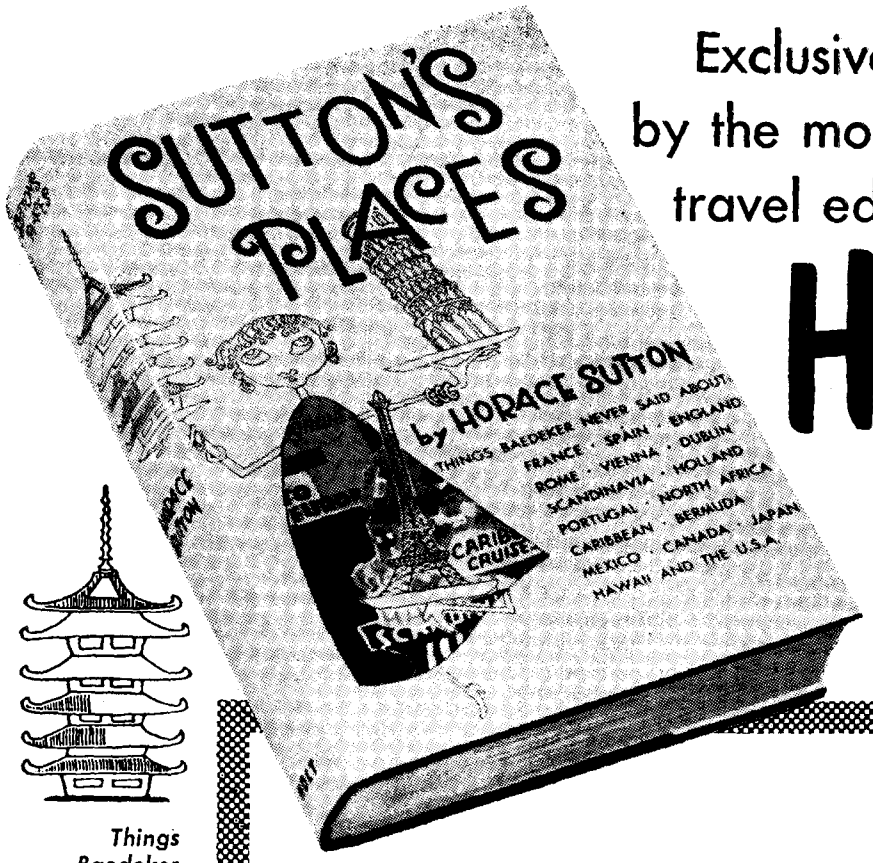

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The Saturday Review
MAY 3, 1954

AMERICA AND ASIA

The Dividing Gulf

By M. YUSUF BUCH

At this particular time, with the Geneva Conference dominating the news, Americans are more than ever concerned with the misunderstandings and lack of rapport that have widened the gap during these postwar years between this country and the peoples of Asia. A Kashmir-born journalist from the Indo-Pak subcontinent examines here some of the factors that intensify the "dividing gulf" and suggests the way toward a new understanding.

WHEN an average Asian thinks of America he does not recall Thomas Jefferson and does not remember John Dewey or Reinhold Niebuhr; he pictures a land of Cadillacs and neon lights and inhumanly vast power projects: a land also of glamour gals and bobbysockers and baseball. He thinks that it is a country, earthquake-proof, where the tremors of international politics or the hydrogen bomb cause no more than a few headlines. Even at that, the image remains blurred. When he fails to draw it into a manageable focus, a kind of bewilderment results. The energy and opulence that he knows to be the characteristics of American society leave him stumped. He cannot relate himself to it all. He can, no doubt, contrast his state with it. But to contrast is not to assimilate.

And the American's picture of Asia? A continent teeming with people and problems and poverty, threatened by intrigue, riddled with disputes. The squabble over Iranian oil, the antagonism between India and Pakistan, the hostility of the Arab and the Jew, the problems of Korea and Indo-China, and, above all, the general squalor, the chaos: such various phenomena may be politically recognized but they cannot be psychologically understood.

The result is obvious enough: a mental distance, a gulf, maladjustment. Too many American observers have assumed the largely popular Asian attitude towards their country to be one of strange and sullen dislike. They remember the generous help given by their Government to many Asian nations in distress. They see no rewarding signs of acknowledgment. They therefore infer that, deep in the fathomless Asian heart, some mystical distrust lurks. This accounts for the somber findings of some recent American travelers. When charitably disposed, they ascribe this attitude to that ambivalence which, they feel, is an essential quality of the Asian temper. Otherwise, they regard it as just ingratitude, either plain or masked in some fuzziness. But the truth perhaps escapes them. The basic Asian attitude is certainly not of mistrust. It is probably not even of dissatisfaction. On the whole, it connotes nothing more than a coolness of response, an absence of rapport.

MAYBE the mistake lies in trying to diagnose the Asian psychology merely from its symptoms in politics. If there is some such thing as an Asian mind, politics is only its outer skin. And in respect to its attitude to America, as in every other, its impulse and indifference can only be discovered in strata deeper than politics. Its orientations are not to be identified with its political posturings; they are prior to them. Indeed, the lack of concern which faces us is a human state of mind caused by certain human factors. Since it pertains primarily to the cultural sphere, it may be called an intellectual attitude; but, if we describe it so, it is not meant that it is confined to intellectuals alone. It percolates down to the masses. These masses of Asia may not possess the gifts of articulation or analysis. Nevertheless, they drink avidly what silently seeps through to them.

The human factors responsible for this Asian unconcern with much that America has come to stand for deserve to be examined patiently. First of all, there is the facet of America which literate Asians mostly know and which eclipses the other they ought to know. At a modest newsstand in Karachi or Bagdad, Bombay or Sin-

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gapore, you may not obtain a copy of *The Atlantic* or *Harper's* but you will definitely get *Glamor Girls* or *Flirt* or *Wink*. It is not Princeton or Yale, it is Hollywood and Broadway that the Asian gets familiar with, that nudge and tickle his fancy and invite his attention. The result is an appalling loss of perspective which nothing at present serves to restore. True, the American centers of information exist and some of their pamphlets and documentaries may be effective enough. But can they impinge upon one's consciousness as deeply as Technicolor musicals can? A large volume of American exports consists of cars and cosmetics. The junior Indian or Pakistani official sees the American movies and reads the cheaper American magazines; his boss and the landlord ride in American cars. The impression of both, the inchoate image, is that of an America which is incredibly rich, which is jampacked with machines and pulchritude, which is, as it were, removed from reality, and therefore remote. It is not the impression of a striving, straining people, a people who can share the Asian experience by empathy and who can possibly help in solving the problems that Asia is grappling with.

The second factor is the heterogeneousness of the American culture or cultures. It is possible that what lies here is only a kind of diversity, and diversity is a source of infinite promise in a civilization. But the Asian is not so situated as to look upon it in that light. He regards it as something self-contradictory. It darkens his vision of America. The differences he marks are not just those which are lingual or regional. The babel of Times Square, the different atmospheres, the way of life which—as an American has said—is really forty-eight ways of life: such contrasts cannot repel a man, far less an Asian. In fact, they humanize the spectacle. But the contradictions against which the Asian bumps are those which he believes to be basic, which he regards as cleavages in the American mind. The emphasis on family enjoyments and the divorce rate, the appeal of the Christian church and the emergence of many religious fads, the instinct of isolationism and the acceptance of international responsibility, the Bill of Rights and the color bar: the examples are random and may not be intelligible to the American reader. But the disparities they reveal are startling to the distant observer, and the integrity of American culture is thereby lost to him.

But consistency, it may be said, is the hobgoblin of foolish nations. It emaciates a people's life, and which dominant power in history ever showed an absolute measure of it? Britain did not have it, nor the Arabs, nor Rome, nor even Byzantium. Then why America? The question is pertinent and leads one to the primary reason of America's inability to make that impact upon the minds of other peoples, to achieve that clarity, which some earlier cultures did. It is an obvious reason. America is the first world power in history which is shouldering a world responsibility (the phrase "world leadership" is rightly distasteful) without running a world empire. Her relations with other nations are still predominantly commercial, and these are bedeviled by the perennial dollar gap. Now, I am no believer of empires; I come from a land which was ravaged by imperialism. But a fact must still be admitted. Though never ethically valid, empires have historically proved to be the surest vehicles for the projection of a culture. They clarify. They emphasize. They peel off the rind from the core. They bring out the essence by strangely dissolving the contradictions which may otherwise warp a nation's way of life.

IT IS significant that many responsible Westerners have found Britain to be still the most popular Occidental nation in South Asia. Perhaps "popular" is not quite the word; but it is true that the people who impress the Asians most are the British, even now. Maybe it is the wider range of the British mind; maybe it is their more flexible international attitudes. But the background here is purely historical. Britain governed an empire in Asia. This naturally deepened her contacts, enlarged her awareness, brought her into an intimate relationship with diverse cultures and made her civilization penetrate into them. This process was culturally most fertile. It isolated a dominant note from the jangle of British civilization; the integrity of her politics and the sanctity of her judicial system became outstanding institutions in the eyes of the world. The consequences are visible today. India and Pakistan, for example, have thrown away the British bathwater, but they cherish the baby. They admire the British constitution and seek to emulate it. Likewise, despite France's decline, the shades of her culture still linger over much of the Middle East. No uprising in revolt, no emancipation of the subject peoples can entirely obliterate the long-acting effects of the mental encounters which imperialism brings about. In that it chokes the liberating message of a native culture, imperialism is an incubus. But in that it gives it depth and sensitivity, it is also an indubitable advantage.

America lacks it altogether. And it is an advantage which she cannot, and does not, seek. For, despite interruptions, a new international order is completing itself in Asia and Africa today. Colonialism is now as much a thing of the past as it is alien to the American instinct. In this context America's burden is different from, but heavier than, the notorious one that the white man bore. She does not wish to boss over others. Yet she has to drive home to them the essence of her message. She has to make tangible the objective correlatives of her influence over the world. The Marshall Plan, the Point Four program, the food gifts to India and Pakistan: all were unselfish acts. They proved America's wealth and demonstrated her altruism. But they did not delineate her essential character. America's problem, in fact, is to find a just substitute for the unjust expedients of imperialism.

Has this substitute not presented itself in her technological leadership

(*Continued on page* 44)

From "Old Korea."

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WILLA CATHER

The Sunlit Peak

On May 7 the New York Society Library celebrates its two hundredth anniversary. Coincident with this The Macmillan Company is publishing "Books and People: Five Decades of New York's Oldest Library," by Marion King, who was a staff member of the New York Society Library from 1907 until her retirement last year. The vignette of Willa Cather which follows is drawn from the book.

By MARION KING

FOR SOME time I had been seeing a new person in the neighborhood, a rather short, stocky lady in an apple green coat and matching green pork-pie felt hat, which she alternated with a similar habit in red. One day, passing at close range, I recognized a famous face, and began to hope that she would discover the Library.

Of course she soon did, with opening words as characteristic as they were unforgettable. "I'd like to subscribe here if I may," she said. "My name is Cather. I'm by way of being a writer."

She had a husky, rather boyish voice that came in little gusts. Her hair was brown, but her fresh pink and white skin and large blue eyes gave an effect of blondness. She was sturdy and wholesome looking.

She had given up her apartment in Bank Street, and was living at the Hotel Grosvenor, missing her own books she told us. We had heard a good deal about her seclusion and reserve, and we treated her with an incurious matter-of-factness that won her confidence. She began to come in often, to look over rows of books and sometimes sigh, "It's easy enough to see what you *don't* want to read."

After a while I would venture a suggestion. She liked "Miss Mole" and came back for E. H. Young's other books but found them disappointing. Once I gave her "Miss Hinch," an excellent short tale by Henry Sydnor Harrison, and when I asked her if she liked it, she said with a smile, "I did indeed. I bought that story for *McClure's*." I offered her only the straightforward, the veracious, and the sound. I never tried her with my oblique fancies, "The Innocent Voyage," "The Flying Yorkshireman," "His Monkey Wife."

Soon, when we met as she took her morning exercise, she would turn back and walk to the Library door with me. My memory of Miss Cather is filled with a succession of those five-minute chats—about this and that, books of course, green vegetables once, which she wanted only in their season, and expertly cooked, not "covered with cold water and slowly introduced to heat," incompetent Congressmen, about whom she was quite vehement, the Christmas boxes she loved to make up for her Nebraska farm friends. She asked me to guess what one gift they liked above everything else. It was large white linen handkerchiefs.

Some time later, when she wanted an apartment again and found one on upper Park Avenue, she told of sitting alone in it for hours—I almost feel she said all day and night—to test its quiet, before signing the lease. Legend has it that in Bank Street she rented the apartment above hers, just to keep it empty, oh enviable luxury!

WHEN she was writing "Shadows on the Rock," she came often to consult old herbals, old maps, and histories of Paris, before finally going there. She told me that book had seemed a disappointment to her friends, who sent her many scolding letters. They had wanted something else, not that. But she would always be grateful to it for carrying her over a hard stretch of life. Her mother was in her last illness, and Miss Cather traveled with the manuscript many times across the country to see her.

I think the book, lovely as it was, was the first signal of diminishment. The power if not the beauty began slowly to run out with the sands of her vitality. To me "Old Mrs. Harris" in "Obscure Destinies" was the last splendid thrust of her pen. When I met her the morning after it was published, and told her how wonderful I thought it was, "I rather liked that myself," she said.

Miss Roseboro, who had been her devoted friend from the old *McClure's* days, described her once as having a heart like a great anthracite furnace. When V.R. was very ill at the last, Miss Cather asked me to find out quietly and let her know if there was any need of money, but there wasn't. I heard from someone else—not her!—that she had paid off many of the mortgages on those Nebraska farms.

She was a sunlit peak of that decade, and she stayed with us until the end of her life, two decades later.

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A PREFACE TO LIPPMANN

3. REASON IN AN AGE OF UNREASON

ALL MEN have perfect vision when it comes to hindsight. Lippmann has never sought to conceal how wide the gaps have sometimes been between his insight and his hindsight. There are those who think his manner oracular. There are those who believe he fancies himself as an oracle. But an oracle is neither what Lippmann strives to be nor pretends he is. The philosopher, so strong in his make-up, has stated with unaffected humility the dilemmas which have confronted him as a journalist. "For more than twenty years," he acknowledged in 1937 in "The Good Society," "I have found myself writing about critical events with no better guide to their meaning than the hastily improvised generalizations of a rather bewildered man. Many a time I have wanted to stop and find out what I really believed."

Unfortunately, the contemporary world has refused to grant the pause that refreshes to those intrepid enough to face its problems. Although the questions which bewildered Lippmann in 1937 have since multiplied, they were overwhelming enough then to bewilder any honest observer. Rightly or wrongly, the New Deal (which on the whole he had supported in its first years) had by that time come to represent for him an alarming, if "gradualist," version of centralization. In "The Good Society" he, therefore, bracketed it with other forms of centralization—Fascism, Nazism, Communism—which were imperiling the individual.

Not as a conservative but as a student of history aware of the needs and virtues of certain basic continuities, he regretted that "everywhere the movements which bid for men's allegiance are hostile to the movements in which men struggled to be free. The programs of reform are everywhere at odds with the liberal tradition. Men are asked to choose between security and liberty. To improve their fortunes they are told that they must renounce their rights. To escape from want they must enter a prison. To regularize their work they must be regimented. To obtain greater equality they must have less freedom. To have national solidarity they must oppress the dissenters. To enhance their dignity they must lick the boots of tyrants. To realize the promise of science they must destroy free inquiry. To promote the truth they must not let it be examined."

Valid or invalid as Lippmann's statement of them may have been so far as the New Deal was concerned, these "intolerable" choices were already in 1937 a tragic reality in large portions of the outside world. Instead of disappearing, they present themselves today in greater areas and are, therefore, the more intolerable.

Santayana once said he thought it would have depressed William James if he had had to confess that any important question was finally answered, so anxious would he have been that something might turn up on the other side. Lippmann would have understood, if not shared, this depression, because he has enjoyed exercising his

(*Continued on page* 46)

Generals Bradley and Sayler with Walter Lippmann in Europe in 1944.

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IDEAS

Wisdom on the Wing

"Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead," recorded by Lucien Price *(Little, Brown, 373 pp. $5), is a volume of conversations overheard at the home of the distinguished Harvard mathematician-philosopher during the last and most fruitful years of his life. Below it is reviewed by Brand Blanshard, professor of philosophy at Yale, author of "The Nature of Thought" and other books.*

By Brand Blanshard

ENGLISHMEN are not, as a species, easy to transplant to American soil, and the older they are, the more likely they are to wither in our climate of extremes. The outstanding exception to this rule is the philosopher Alfred North Whitehead. Transplanted to America at sixty-three, he fell in love with the country and people; he never wanted to go back; and far from withering away, he had an amazing autumnal flowering which lasted over twenty years and produced nearly all of his philosophical work. In Britain he was known as a mathematician. Harvard had the inspiration to appoint him a professor of philosophy, and it reaped astonishing returns from its somewhat speculative investment.

For many years the Whiteheads held open house once a week for Harvard students and indeed for anyone else who cared to attend. Visitors came at first in twos and threes, then, as the word got round, in fifties and sixties. Some of the visitors became intimate friends. One of the closest of these was Lucien Price, an editor of the Boston *Globe*, who was asked to drop in for supper and talk on almost countless occasions. He made it a practice, after an evening with the Whiteheads, to set down in his notebook the gist of the conversation, and, being an accomplished reporter, he caught this accurately.

They range over everything, from Athens to Chicago, and from humor to the Hebrew prophets. How much of our own casual talk, one wonders, would stand the test of being frozen into print and looked at a year later? Not much, surely. But Whitehead was one of those rare minds who combined an immense knowledge of science and history with an incessant play of thought over it, which would light up now one part and now another, like the play of summer lightning. This is not exactly what Cambridge scholars are famous for; their reputation, rather, is for gluing their eyes to their specialty. But Whitehead combined the Cambridge precision with the sweep of Oxford, and both with an expansiveness, a charity, and a chuckling delight in the human scene that were all his own. When Eckermann brought out his conversations with Goethe, people everywhere pricked up their ears for an obvious reason. There is just one reason why anyone should bother with these conversations: it is Whitehead who is talking.

What did he have to say about his times? Let us take a random sampling and begin with America. "America, as I see it, is the only hope. There is adventure here, and a welcome for novelty. You could do for the future of humanity what Greece and Judaea did for the modern world . . ." A chief reason for this hope was that America *is* a melting pot, and that it is from pots of this kind that the best brews come. "A 'pure' race is likely to be stupid—the Lacedaemonians—but mix the native Attic stock with Dorian invaders or the Ionians with Asiatics, and the results are brilliant. I think the one place where I have been that is most like ancient Athens is the University of Chicago. You see, I am looking for your American equivalent of the Aegean, and I believe it is the Midwest."

At the same time, Whitehead found some odd disadvantages in the American social system. Where everyone is presumed to have the chance to rise, a man who fails to rise is looked on a little dubiously. In England "friendships between persons of different classes are much more possible because, knowing that it is a mere matter of luck which class you are born in, we don't look down on people for not having risen." Regarding the American woman, Whitehead thought that her lot was better than that of the English woman in youth, but worse from that time on; "if I were to be born a woman, I would want to be born in America and live here the first thirty years of my life.

(Continued on page 33)

THE AUTHOR: Lucien Price, an easy-going, six-foot, seventy-one-year-old mixture of newspaperman and scholar, is a gentleman whose conversation is apt to be sprinkled with references to Rolland, Sibelius, Eckermann, Goethe, Plato, Beethoven, and, most of all, Whitehead, which it was the other day. Price is not in the habit of talking about himself; "the point about the whole affair is that Whitehead's ideas are of profound importance and that I personally am not," he said. Restless to get on to Whitehead, all he'd say about himself was that he was born in Kent, Ohio; went to Western Reserve Academy and to Harvard; helped review music, drama, and the world for the old *Boston Transcript* between 1907 and 1914, when he switched to the *Globe* where he has been ever since. (Later a colleague of his filled in some other details: that Price had been a member of the Harvard crew, that he was a "rare conversationalist," that his *Globe* pieces were chiefly on arts and letters, and that he wasn't the least bit "stuffy." "He has the benefit of not being originally a Bostonian," he said.) Price talked mostly about Whitehead, whom he first met in 1932. "His conversation was the most remarkable I had ever heard, in this country or in Europe either, not omitting that of Romain Rolland or Jean Sibelius or in the commons rooms of Oxford and Cambridge," he said. He then mentioned Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe," adding: "There is scant resemblance, for the *'Gespräche'* are, thank heaven!, largely monologues by Goethe. Whitehead's are spontaneous conversation; Plato's are designed to *sound* like spontaneous conversation, but there again, no resemblance is to be thought of." Reviewing the "Dialogues," Price said: "Having been through the material repeatedly, I find the ideas as vivid and as startling each time as they were the first. In this they are like the last quartets and pianoforte works of Beethoven, the oftener you hear them the more you hear and the more you think about what you hear."

—BERNARD KALB.

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South in the Sun

"The Widows of Thornton," by Peter Taylor *(Harcourt, Brace. 310 pp. $3.75), is a collection of nine short stories by a writer who sees the Deep South in a sunnier light than does Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote.*

By Mack Morriss

IN THE kitchens of houses in the South that have been lived in for even fifty or seventy-five years, there are dark walnut or cherry pantry cupboards that have their sides made of thin, dark grey-molded sheets of tin. Into this tin will have been hammered air vents which are patterns of tiny nail holes, swirling or flowered or checkered.

There is an odor about these pantries that is a musty mixture of cinnamon and nutmeg and corn-meal and flour in the bins, which has been absorbed long ago into the wood despite the nail holes in the tin.

No matter how long it has been since the Southerner has smelled this odor he will know it again at once and recognize it as authentic, and he will know that he is in the presence of a thing that is capable, of itself, of summoning an affection and a yearning for the time and the people—Negro and white—that it represents, even though the Southerner himself may not know why such affection is merited and toward what, exactly, the yearning is directed. The summons, like the odor, is as vague as it is authentic; but it is unmistakable.

The odor—it is really a fragrance, despite the mustiness—is essentially pure, suggesting not decay or spoilage but the substance of ingredients that were once vital and sustaining, and it can be breathed deeply without offense. It can be enjoyed for what it is; or it can be enjoyed for what it represents.

Peter Taylor has written a volume like this, a collection of stories published as "The Widows of Thornton," which is as free of ugliness as the lingering nutmeg and as unpretentious as coldwater cornbread. In so doing, the gentle Mr. Taylor, Tennessee-born, has created a wistful, clinging, but utterly non-depraved image of the Deep South that some of us his regional contemporaries have kept trying to recall from our childhood but were beginning, after Capote and Tennessee Williams, to doubt ever existed.

Mr. Taylor's nine stories confirm the notion that the South produced a post-Reconstruction way of life among the "quality" that led at least as often to a triumph of adjustment as to the insane asylum, and that the triumph was achieved by men and particularly by women of both races who met their problems with considerable quiet strength along with their occasional raving eccentricities.

"The Widows of Thornton" also confirms the talents of a very fine Southern writer. He has suggested that his stories may explain why a Southerner of the blood never entirely leaves home. But they are, more than that, a tender and perceptive treatment of clanspeople of the same name but different pigment, drawn so close together from their beginnings that their real beauty is in each other and not in themselves. Mr. Taylor writes of women with an unashamed respect and a remarkable delicacy, and his kitchen and parlor are parts of the same house.

Mr. Taylor's South, in fact, has its substance in the sinew of its women, black and white. It is an authentic South.

Peter Taylor—"authentic South."

The Armor of Self

"And Have Not Love," by Anne Parrish *(Harper. 305 pp. $3.50), is a portrait of a selfish but curiously appealing woman.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

THE French philosopher Diderot once remarked that all children are essentially criminal. It is merely our good luck that their physical powers are still too limited to permit them to carry out their destructiveness. H. A. Overstreet expands this observation to point out that all childish minds are dangerous, but particularly when those minds are housed in adult bodies; for then they have the power to put their immaturities fully and disastrously into effect.

Anne Parrish's latest novel, "And Have Not Love," is a full-length portrait of such an individual, a woman who until her ninetieth year maintained a supreme emotional and intellectual immaturity. Clara Moore's widowed daughter Janey, living with her two children in her mother's house, "in a moment of illumination saw her mother as a child, the heart and soul of a young child, meaning no harm and no good, only the strength grown great, and she was cold with fear in the warm spring air. . . ." But it was too late for Janey, bearing the physical and emotional scars of this association, as it was always too late for anyone whose life became involved with Clara's infinite capacity to dominate, to wound, and to destroy. She never meant to hurt; she was as elemental as a hurricane, and like the smiling and innocent morning after storm whose sunny skies seem to deny all knowledge of the event, she would have been first to exclaim incredulously, "Who, *me?*"

"And Have Not Love" avoids merciless caricature because the author understands and pities the essential tragedy of such a character. Clara was never sorry for herself, except when she found herself in a temporarily uncomfortable situation, nor sorry for anything she had done. Miss Parrish, however, is sorry for her, even while with devastating clarity and insight she presents a woman who never really loved anyone but herself, who without a qualm betrayed her husband, neglected and bullied her children, sacrificed her friends on the altars of whim or opportunism; was greedy, vain, unscrupulous, a poseur, a rowdy show-off, "vaunting herself, behaving herself unseemly, seeking her own . . ."

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—Elliott Erwitt

Anne Parrish and Randall Jarrell "American novels lack cultural depth? ?"

And yet for all this, Miss Parrish still makes the reader recognize the appeal that Clara had for the many people who loved her. It was her enormous zest for living, her immense appetite for enjoyment, her impulsive, ill-directed generosity, her clumsy kindness, her boisterous humor, and her unbounded enthusiasm which drew people to her, and if one audience failed her, there was always another. She was never meanly calculating, or vengeful, or coldly cruel; she was simply a vital, exuberant, completely conscienceless creature, seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, and she managed to do it to the end of her long life, while her family and friends fell by the wayside.

The chronology of the book covers three generations, roughly from 1830 to the 1920's; from mid-Victorian America, with the artificial conventionalities and pomposities lending their period charm, to the grimmer days of the First World War, and the setting is chiefly an unlocalized small town in the North, a sort of American counterpart of an English cathedral town. With the exception of a Grand European Tour, upon which Miss Parrish conducts her heroine and her heroine's hapless relatives with wonderful satiric humor and irony, Clara Moore's whole life was lived there, in a world centered in herself.

Anne Parrish's wide and devoted following will welcome her Portrait of a Selfish Woman. It is an engrossing and occasionally hair-raising chronicle. While it does not attain, perhaps, the significance and major stature of some of Miss Parrish's earlier works, "All Kneeling," for instance, or "Poor Child," it bears witness to its author's great skill and charm as a novelist whose keenness of insight, whose wit and irony and sympathetic perception assure her a distinguished place among contemporary writers.

Guilty Knowledge

"Pictures from an Institution," by Randall Jarrell *(Alfred A. Knopf, 277 pp. $3.50), is a portrait gallery of the staff and faculty of an advanced college for young women, depicted with a comic touch.*

By Edmund Fuller

THE COMPLAINT has sometimes been heard about American novels that they tend to lack cultural depth. This partial truth certainly does not apply to Randall Jarrell's first novel, "Pictures from an Institution," a virtuoso performance of a high, though specialized, order. He calls his book "a comedy," and it has some of the formality and stylization of a stage conversation piece. It is more a series of character studies, in dialogue and casual motion, than a narrative or the usual novel.

Its seven chapters are simply groupings, from varying angles, in which are scanned some of the personalities on the staff and faculty of Benton College. Benton is a distinctly advanced college for girls, with a youthful president. Very rich girls go there, and also some poor ones; also token girls of all races and creeds. The nameless professor of poetry who is the narrator says that if Benton had a pillared administration building with a carven motto, it would be, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you feel guilty." He reports further, "Half the campus was designed by Bottom the Weaver, half by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe."

Mr. Jarrell, himself a well-established poet, makes in his pages a sustained exhibition of wit in the great tradition. It is seldom that it falters or strains and he is often immensely funny and very devastatingly shrewd.

At the center of his scenes is Gertrude Johnson, a novelist teaching creative writing and planning a novel about Benton. She has a penetrating eye, a swift tongue, and a deep-frozen heart. Someone said of her, "She may be a mediocre novelist, but you've got to admit that she's a wonderful liar." The narrator adds: "This was unfair to her; her novels, too, were wonderful lies."

"Gertrude was never polite to anything but material: when she patted someone on the head you could be sure that the head was about to appear, smoked, in her next novel." She has a special gift for decoration: "She and Sidney had gone into a bare apartment and after a few days had got it looking barer." According to Gertrude, the American slogan is, "A Group for Everyone and Everyone in His Group."

There is Gottfried Knosperl Rosenbaum, Viennese composer, the gentlest and warmest person in the book, but with his own flair. "De devil soldt me his soul," was his explanation of how he conceived a certain astonishing combination of instruments in one composition. In the bond that unites Rosenbaum and his wife, a former concert singer, with the young American girl Constance, who adores them both, Mr. Jarrell shows—as for that matter, elsewhere—that a warm and wise heart underlies the brittleness of his wit.

Critics might remember his remark, "If you cannot discriminate between good and bad yourself, it cannot help seeming somewhat poor-spirited and arbitrary of other people to do so. Esthetic discrimination is no pleasanter, seems no more just and rational to those discriminated against, than racial discrimination . . ."

Mr. Jarrell's quiet comedy of ideas and people is a welcome gift. While it laughs at much of our intellectual pride and pomposity, it also develops a breadth of warm sympathy for the angelic touch that may visit the most foolish of us.

Notes

SIGHT FOR THE SIGHTLESS: Perhaps it is indecent to plunge into subordinate objections to the way an author beclouds the second level of meaning his fiction is intended to convey, particularly when a book offers as much surface pleasure as Walter Jens provides in **"The Blind Man"** (Macmillan, $2.50) in a translation by Michael Bullock. But when a young man's work (Jens was born at Hamburg in 1923) is hailed by critics in Germany

(*Continued on page 41*)

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Good Ole Hustings Time

"Presidential Nominating Politics in 1952," edited by Paul T. David, Malcolm Moos, and Ralph M. Goldman *(Johns Hopkins Press. 5 vols., 1630 pp. $3.50 each, $17.50 the set), and* ***"The Voter Decides," by Angus Campbell*** *(Row, Peterson. 242 pp. $4.75), are monumental efforts by large staffs of political scientists to discover how and why the American people nominated and elected their President two years ago. The works are reviewed here by Sidney Hyman, member of the editorial staff of the* Washington Post *and author of "The American President."*

By Sidney Hyman

THE next fortnight will see the publication of two works that are notable exceptions to the element of truth in the charge that the American social scientist can go down deeper, stay down longer, and come up dirtier and emptier than any of God's creations, except perhaps a German doctor of philosophy. One is "Presidential Nominating Politics in 1952," a five-volume study of convention delegations in that year; the other is "The Voter Decides," a single volume study of the reaction of the electorate to the work of the conventions of the two major parties.

By any criteria, both works deserve applause. Viewed solely as experiments in the science of inventing new ways to report and interpret a major, nationwide phenomenon, each of these studies is a spectacular model of its kind—though the inventors are the first to alert the reader to certain limitations that are either inherent in the material, or are imposed on it by the rules of academic self-restraint. Viewed solely as a mining operation for data, each study has also brought to the surface a mound of incredibly rich political ore, offered in fee simple for further exploitation and refinement by teachers, politicians, journalists, or any curbstone citizen with a passing interest in himself and his neighbor.

The story of how "Presidential Nominating Politics in 1952" came to be written, the roadblocks that were met and overcome, and the steadfastness of the project directors and advisors in their labor of love, would in itself make an absorbing narrative. Here, only a few barebone facts can be detailed. The report was sponsored by the American Political Science Association in cooperation with the Brookings Institution; the financing in the main came from the Edgar Stern Family Fund of New Orleans; the project directors in Washington mobilized the help and coordinated the work of more than 300 political scientists working at more than seventy colleges and universities scattered from Hawaii to Puerto Rico; and more than 100 of these men were credited by name in the monumental work they produced.

No cooperative project on this scale has ever been attempted before. In its own way—if one can briefly borrow the spirit of a movie ad—the project was to the political scientist what the Manhattan Project which produced the first atomic bomb was to the physical scientist. Nor was the object of investigation any less tricky. It was to determine, among other things, how the delegates to the Republican and Democratic conventions in 1952 were actually chosen in the 48 states and territories, the actual identity of these men and women, the extent to which they represented party sentiment in their home areas, the conflicts present within each delegation, the degree to which they were resolved at the conventions, the range of freedom the individual delegates showed under pressure, and how they bore themselves when the convention was over.

All this is bent to the common end of determining, first, whether the individual states should alter the laws and the customs governing the selection of convention delegates, and second, whether there should—or can—be a national alteration in the way the political parties choose Presidential standard-bearers. The question has a surpassing importance and is fully worthy of the concentrated attention given to it. For the struggle within parties to pick a nominee is as fateful as the subsequent struggle between parties to pick a President. In a sense, it is even more fateful, since the nominating conventions as now constituted, though extra-constitutional in origin, have gathered to themselves the function the Constitution originally assigned to the electoral college. The nominating convention, that is, makes the real choice of Presidents. The people on election day merely troop out to ratify the choice of one of the conventions, and this verdict is sealed in the way the votes distribute themselves in the electoral college.

The convention delegates, as now chosen, are chosen in a fantastically varied way, with a broad range of difference in the respect paid to popular sentiment or even to law—this is made plain in the detailed (though uneven) state reports that constitute four out of the five volumes of the study. But when these state reports are read in conjunction with the brilliantly succinct and coherent volume devoted to the national story of convention politics, the effect is strangely reassuring. For the chief impression one gets is that the American party leader, by his aptitude for group diplomacy in party and patriotic matters, almost disarms one from passing judgment on the method of his selection for that role.

THE project directors are too well under the discipline of their profession to come out with a flat-footed judgment of the sort I've just made. But if I can interpolate on the evidence they provide, it is plain that they—and this reviewer—are in agreement that the delegates to national conventions are a reasonably exact transcript of the setting from which they emerged (by whatever method); that instances of corruption or coercion in their selection were the melodramatic exception and not the rule; that far from being "boss-ridden," they showed a remarkable degree of independence to the point of overthrowing their "bosses"; that, far from being committed to any doctrinaire positions, they were remarkably open to argument and persuasion.

All this and more like it may come as something of a shock to a reader whose view of a convention delegate is indistinguishable from noise, smoke, bleatings, and buncombe. But the evidence contained in this report offers a sharp challenge to the stereotype that dwells in the popular mind. And from this challenge, it also follows that the abolition of the convention system, which brings together so many discordant voices and rival interests, and yet manages to impose its own transcendent discipline on them, would be a fatal loss to the American political process. To the

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extent that the directors of the project have permitted themselves a value judgment of a remedy for the acknowledged abuses in the system of selecting and accrediting delegates, they are disposed to lend their support to the Douglas-Bennett bill, now before the Congress. But they would have this be merely a purification of the feeder-belt that leads to the convention proper. They would leave the institution of the convention intact.

"The Voter Decides" differs from the preceding study in that the probing rod of a statistical sample is substituted for the naked-eye observations, correspondence, and interviews which shaped the report on the nominating process. Moreover, the purpose to be served is different. It is how and why the people reacted as they did not only to the choices presented to them by the 1952 conventions; but also, how and why the 1952 decision of the electorate was made in ways that differed from those reached in 1948. The aim throughout is knowledge for its own sake—though the practical applications of the data will at once suggest themselves to reflective political leaders.

The study was undertaken by the Survey Research Center at the University of Michigan, whose sampling technique, perfected four years ago in a pilot project, is said to be as great an advance on the early Gallup Polls, as today's Cadillac is an advance on the Model-T Ford. It would, however, be a pity if this tribute to technique became for the general reader a wig-wagged signal, warning him to avoid the findings themselves. The findings move through these pages as an oceanic churning of forces, and as arresting to the eye and mind. Party images, claims, charges and countercharges, regional and family loyalties, economic interests and nostalgias—all these and more crash in waves over the individual voter. And an investigator of the Survey Center is there by his side to measure his reaction as the wave moves in his direction, catches him, tosses him around, gives him long moments of doubt, hurls him in the direction of one party or sucks him back again, and then finally carries him forward to the climactic act of saying yes or no in a polling booth—or the equally significant act of staying home.

It is to be hoped that the Research Center will undertake another study of this sort in advance of the 1956 elections. For to anyone who has been prompted at times to cry out, "Oh for the meaning statistics obscure," "The Voter Decides" comes as an assurance that in the hands of skilled interpreters, statistics can crack open many mysteries.

Howe and FDR: "imagination and faith."

Throne's Shadow

"The Man Behind Roosevelt," by Lela Stiles *(World, 311 pp. $4.75) is a biography of the wartime President's mentor, Louis McHenry Howe, written by his secretary. Our reviewer, Professor Frank Friedel of the University of California, is the author of a many-volumed biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt, two of which have been published thus far.*

By Frank Friedel

LOUIS McHENRY HOWE, who did more than any other man to put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House, has been almost forgotten while his chief has become one of the most written about figures in all history. Occasionally some reviewer of a book on Roosevelt suggested that someone should write a biography of Howe, but no one did so. Probably this was because Howe had blended himself so deftly into Roosevelt's career that it seemed almost impossible to separate him out.

Now, in "The Man Behind Roosevelt," Lela Stiles has succeeded in creating an exciting, authentic, three-dimensional portrait. This is due less to her search through the skimpy manuscripts and secondary accounts than to her skill in recording her own vivid memories of nine years' work with the "little boss" and his close associates. It has some of the minor flaws and inaccuracies of the memoir form, but also its freshness and liveliness.

Howe had the intellect to become a great political leader, but lacked the physique and personality. He was a wizened, asthmatic little newspaperman with a sharp tongue and sardonic air. What distinguished him from other legislative correspondents at Albany was a consummate grasp of practical politics, a capacity for sustained hard work, and ambition of a rather rare sort. He also had a flair for histrionics which must have made him long to play a starring role on the political stage, but his face and manner limited him to directing from behind the scenes.

This career began for Howe in 1911 when the handsome young Roosevelt, charming but arrogant, strode into the New York State senate and seized leadership of a revolt against Tammany. Most observers in Albany were rather repelled by the kid glove reformer, but Howe had the creative imagination and faith to see in him a future President. In the fall of 1912, Howe almost unaided won reelection for Roosevelt, who was in bed with typhoid fever. Thereafter he devoted himself single-mindedly to Roosevelt's political future.

Howe was Roosevelt's most diligent tutor during the next few years. A close examination of Roosevelt's political growth emphasizes this even more than Miss Stiles's book. He stripped Roosevelt of his aloofness, taught him to associate with labor leaders, and helped him develop a unique style of writing and speaking.

By the early 1920's, Roosevelt had already matured into a political leader of unusual ability. Then polio struck. While Roosevelt was bedridden, Howe performed his greatest service: he kept Roosevelt in politics as a behind-the-scenes leader in the Democratic party. He also pushed Eleanor Roosevelt into the role of political proxy for her husband.

In 1928, Howe's pupil on his own initiative ran for Governor of New York. When he was elected despite the Hoover landslide, he immediately became a leading contender for the 1932 Democratic nomination. Howe's busiest years followed. Operating from an office in New York City, he ran a scientific, systematic four-year campaign, culminating in the 1932 victory. The detailed chapters on Howe's wizardry are fascinating reading.

Howe's three years as White House secretary were something of an anti-climax. He had the trappings and semblance of power, and gloried in his fame as a political personality in his own right. But he was only one of Roosevelt's close advisors and by no means the most influential. Just before he died in 1936 he lamented, "Franklin is on his own now." This was not entirely accurate, since Roosevelt had been on his own for a long time. The fact that he had been was a great tribute to Howe.

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A typical market scene in the Gold Coast town of Tarkwa.

Continent of 1,000 Mysteries

"The Heart of Africa," by Alexander Campbell *(Alfred A. Knopf. 487 pp. $5), and* ***"Before the African Storm," by John Cookson*** *(Bobbs-Merrill. 279 pp. $3.50), are attempts by two Britons to describe and analyze a seething continent. Here it is reviewed by Emory Ross, who was for many years secretary of the Africa Committee, Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the USA.*

By Emory Ross

THERMOMETERS? They are indispensable in our physical science today. They measure man's health. They measure man's death, too. Thermometers tell us when fission gets hot enough to trigger fusion, which then gets a thousand times hotter and the biggest city in the world can go. Two thermometer books are Alexander Campbell's "The Heart of Africa" and John Cookson's "Before the African Storm." Others have appeared. More are coming. Read them and see if you think the heat is rising.

Campbell, as you may have guessed, is a Scottie. In 1937 he left the cold of his native land for the heat of Africa. He's been a working journalist all his life, part of it spent as *Time* and *Life's* representative in southern Africa.

"The Heart of Africa" might have dropped an "r" (which many Africans find difficulty in pronouncing anyway) and become The Heat of Africa, for Campbell writes as much of heat as of heart. He writes well, rarely permitting himself a qualifying phrase, which makes for punch but invites puncture. For a good many of his statements on Africa are true about only one or some parts.

Heat there is in Africa, and he records it on nearly every page. As for heart, this reviewer read some 450 pages wondering if he was going to reach it. For the author had voiced a caution on his very first page: "It is true that there are many misconceptions about Africa, and perhaps the biggest of these is the firm belief of the white people who live there [Europeans] that they understand the natives [Africans]."

Campbell knows the underdog. Isn't Scotland a non-self-governing territory? He is all on the side of giving the African a chance. In a way, that *is* the heart of the problem, the human problem, anywhere.

His pen sketches are vivid: Malan, Smuts, all the principal cabinet members, the United Party, Manilal Gandhi, African National Congress, Broederbond, Voortrekkers. So are his quotations, as this one from Professor Herbert Frankel, leading authority of African economics, late of the Union, now of Oxford: The Union has "an open society and a closed society . . . the foundations are those of slavery, serfdom, ignorance, rigidity; of laws against the rights to till or own land; against movement; against rights to education, work, and immigration."

He rather more than indicates a feeling that Dr. Malan, clergyman-politician, has Füehrer tendencies with "no doubt at all that he was chosen by God to lead the Boer *volk* to freedom. At a tumultuous Nationalist rally I heard him declare unsmilingly: 'There are only two opinions: the wrong one, and mine.' Everybody cheered."

On the other hand, he writes that "Smuts's political policy was simple; he just did not have one. 'When you ask Smuts if black men should have the vote,' said a baffled interviewer, 'he talks intelligently and entertainingly about the future of *Homo sapiens* in the atomic age.' Smuts had a Wellsian brain, which dismissed troublesome details, especially the ones nearest home." The author indicates that, by and large, the South African voters, though enrolled in two parties, are for one program: white domination, permanently.

APARTHEID spokesmen who come to America or write for outlanders so frequently say that no foreigner can understand the Union without knowing its background. That is assuredly true. But the reverse is not necessarily true. The first part of Mr. Campbell's book will help the reader to understand the background. But there is no guarantee that understanding the background will bring full understanding of the Union. (It doesn't of America in Europe and Asia.) Mr. Campbell, however, will not be to blame for that.

The second half of his book deals with Basutoland, the Rhodesias and Nyasaland, British East Africa, Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, Gold Coast, Nigeria, and Portuguese Angola and Mozambique—the latter two together being twenty times the size of Portugal. It is very readable reporting, and reasonably authentic.

But the reader can't help note that the bulk of the book goes predominantly into the selfish, sneering, sardonic, stupid elements present and active in almost every part of Africa. It goes little into the comprehending, creative, constructive elements that are also at work almost everywhere in that continent, among both Africans and Europeans. In this sense it is not balanced reporting. That perhaps *is* by design, and the design may have its uses. At least the design is drawn by an artist.

John Cookson is likewise a good

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writer. British, Sandhurst, American wife, historian British Middle East Command, in Congo with Belgian National Broadcasting service 1947-52. Half of his book, "Before the Storm," deals with Congo; the rest with French Equatorial Africa, British East, Central African Federation, and the Union. He uses almost none of the newspaper interview style employed by Mr. Campbell. His book is rather more reflective and interpretative. His Congo treatment is based on wider acquaintance and wider knowledge than Mr. Campbell had or at least used. Indeed, Mr. Cookson early states that since he knows Congo best he always relates knowledge and news of other parts of Africa to what he knows of Congo.

He will perhaps chuckle when he reads himself saying of the Congo he knows well that "in 1881 a steamer service was put into operation between Banana Point on the west coast and Stanley Falls on the Lualaba, about 1600 miles beyond Leopoldville." Between Leopoldville and Matadi the Congo River falls about 800 feet over some thirty main rapids in something like 215 miles. The only steamers to pass those rapids were little ones carried in small pieces on Africans's back in the early days. The distance from Leo to Stanleyville at Stanley Falls is about 1068 miles.

Elsewhere, he writes, "Central Africa is having an industrial revolution over one hundred years later than the countries in whose hands its destiny has so far lain." By calendar measure it may be a hundred years. But by cultural, spiritual, political, economic measure it is about 3000 years later. For much of the African mass is about where some of the neighbors of the Old Testament children were three or four millennia ago.

Both Campbell and Cookson grope for the solution. It is multiple, not simple. But for both men there is a basic common factor.

Cookson writes of Lambaréné in the Ogowe forest of French Equatorial Africa, which he has never seen; and movingly of a doctor there, Albert Schweitzer. "Lambaréné is a tiny place . . . a small island in a vast sea of bush. . . . Yet it is a value, a civilizing spiritual value in the wilderness" of Africa. "If every European in Africa were a Schweitzer, or even partly one, there would be no African storm to fear."

Campbell's last sentence in his long book is this: "For Africa, as the first missionaries had perceived, could be the great test for Christianity, which proclaims that in the last resort all men, whatever their color, their creed, or their race, are brothers."

South Sea Empire

"Rum Jungle," by Alan Moorehead *(Charles Scribner's Sons, 181 pp. $3.50), is the primitive area of Australia seen through the eyes of a native returned from Europe. C. Hartley Grattan, who reviews it here, is the author of "Introducing Australia," and other books.*

By C. Hartley Grattan

ALAN MOOREHEAD'S book about Australia, "Rum Jungle," parts of which appeared in *The New Yorker*, raises embarrassing difficulties for a reviewer familiar with Australia and the literature about it. The book comes off best in such hands if it is viewed as an account of the responses of a man of cultivated sensibility to certain aspects of the Australian scene; and if attention is specially directed to the account of the genesis of that sensibility. Mr. Moorehead is an expatriate Australian, an individual item in a trade the Australians customarily refer to (and complain about) as "the export of talent." Unlike some of his fellows, he did not have expatriation thrust upon him by virtue of a specialized education which could not be utilized for a career in the underdeveloped society of his homeland—his formal education was all obtained in Australia for Australian use—but because of a curious and well-explained alienation from Australian life induced by his experiences in the bosom of his family, in the family circle, and at school—largely an alienation to be explained by what he *read*, which drove him ineluctably to Europe. Arrival in Europe, in France at Marseilles, provoked in him an emotional reaction of high intensity, comparable in kind to the reactions experienced by the American expatriates of the nineteenth century, of whom the great exemplar was, of course, Henry James. As a "case" Mr. Moorehead is supremely interesting to a student of the Australian scene and psyche.

But like most expatriates Mr. Moorehead suffers, on his own evidence, from ambivalent feelings. He has not been completely alienated from his homeland; complete alienation is hard to achieve, as Henry Lawson long ago demonstrated in his famous story, "His Country—After All"; and Mr. Moorehead was inevitably drawn back to Australia. But in the modern mode, not in the fashion of the nineteenth century returnee, Mr. Moorehead has not concerned himself with those places where "civilization" of a European order of excellence might be presumed to be burgeoning, but rather has plunged into the primitive Australia of central Australia, Northern Territory, and the tropical coast and Barrier Reef of Queensland. His title, "Rum Jungle," he has taken from the name of the site of the first sizable uranium deposit discovered in the wilds of Northern Territory; it is not at all a backhanded slap at Australia, Australians, or their drinking habits!

THE reader can quite vividly see the country through which Mr. Moorehead passed: and he skilfully lets one know how he felt about it. As journalism, his book is out of the topmost drawer. It is excellent reading, but the implication that the country he traveled is underreported is certainly not accurate. Australia is a very large country, geographically speaking, and few Australians ever get to see it all. There has therefore grown up a sizable literature of domestic or internal travel, little of which finds publication overseas. There is hardly a step on Mr. Moorehead's way that has not been reported on by several travelers since the end of World War II, notably for thoroughness by John Ewers in "With the Sun on My Back." A full bibliography on the areas mentioned would cover pages and pages of this magazine and would include scientific studies, anthropological studies, histories, and travel books in serried ranks. The trouble is not to find something to read about the country, but to find ways of developing it profitably.

Numerous errors of fact of the kind reviewers agree to call minor pepper the text. *Caveat emptor.* Mr. Moorehead seems to have acquired in his expatriation the Fleet Street habit of inaccuracy so liberally illustrated by the British journalists accompanying Queen Elizabeth on her tour of Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Moorehead's slips cover both countries.

Anthills in the Northern Territory.

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Hitler's Steely Queen

***"The Tirpitz and the Battle for the North Atlantic," by David Woodward** (W. W. Norton. 235 pp. $3.50), is a British journalist's account of a German battleship that succeeded in tying up the British fleet for long periods during World War II. Rear Admiral Arthur A. Ageton, U. S. N. (Ret.), our reviewer, served as executive officer of the battleship* Washington *in the South Pacific.*

By Arthur A. Ageton

TWICE in history, Germany has set out to snatch from England the naval supremacy by which for centuries she had "ruled the waves." Because of the impetuosity of Emperor or Fuehrer, and lack of understanding of the capabilities and limitations of naval forces, at the outset of each war, the German Navy has found itself inferior in strength, training, and seagoing experience to the British Navy.

Over-caution in the use of the well-balanced German High Seas Fleet in the early days of World War I, when the British Grand Fleet had but modest actual superiority at sea, brought the German Fleet, after the battles of Dogger Bank and Jutland, to the unenviable status, from a naval point of view, of "fleet-in-being." In this capacity, it served well, tying down the whole Grand Fleet, while the U-boats conducted unrestricted warfare against the supply lines to Great Britain.

History repeated itself. Under his Plan Z, Admiral Raeder expected to have a balanced fleet of battleships, battle cruisers, pocket battleships, and aircraft carriers, with which, by 1945, he would be able to contain the British Fleet. When Hitler precipitated the war with Great Britain in 1939, Admiral Raeder had completed only the pocket battleships, the 31,000-ton battleships, *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisnau,* and an inadequate number of destroyers and other support craft, while but twenty-six of the 300 submarines that Admiral Doenitz considered necessary were available for the coming Battle for the Atlantic.

For the casual reader, who may expect from the title an exciting story of derring-do in war at sea, David Woodward's "The *Tirpitz* and the Battle for the North Atlantic" will be either a distinct disappointment or a pleasant surprise at the unexpected dividend of a thoughtful study and cogent presentation of an interesting historical thesis. Admiral Raeder's small surface fleet became another fleet-in-being, a fleet employed even more cautiously than Von Hipper's High Seas Fleet, with orders direct from the Fuehrer that the capital ships might raid the Allied convoys but that they would never risk engagement with major ships of the British Fleet. Later, the Fuehrer decreed that the battleships of the German Navy could put to sea for action only with his express permission in each case. Because of sinkings and other damage, in due course only the *Tirpitz* remained; a ship-in-being, she exercised an effect upon the British Navy, the Battle for the North Atlantic, and the war at sea throughout the world out of all proportion to her importance, whether she ever went to sea and to battle or not.

When she was first commissioned the event moved Prime Minister Churchill to write, "The destruction or the crippling of this ship is the greatest event at sea at this time. No other target is comparable to it."

Because of the *Tirpitz,* three battleships and a carrier had to be kept always in home waters. The *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* sailed for the Far East and were sunk by Japanese carrier aircraft off Singapore for lack of fighter protection. The fate of Malaya, Burma, Indonesia, was sealed for lack of sea-air power. (That story is told in detail in Captain Russell Grenfell's "Main Fleet to Singapore.") *Tirpitz* also prevented assigning sufficient naval strength to the Mediterranean, so that, on occasions, the British nearly failed to resupply Malta in time.

Woodward's book tells an exciting story—the many attempts to destroy the *Tirpitz* with frogmen, midget submarines, torpedo attacks, bombing by carrier aircraft in the Norwegian fjords, and the final successful block-buster attack by the famed Dam Busters of the RAF.

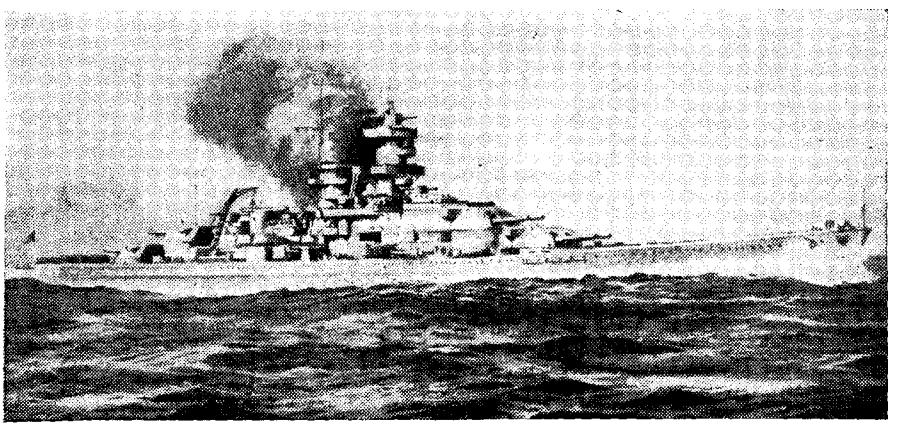
Mr. Woodward, a journalist and former war correspondent with the British Army, presents his theme in good journalistic prose in an orderly fashion; he argues old views with freshness and presents some lessons from World War II with telling effect:

> Neither Britain nor any other Western power could be kept going on an airlift of the sort that will be possible for many years to come. Our main supply route must be the sea, and so must that of Western Europe.

Certain questions arose in my mind as I read this provocative book. Which commander was correct, the one who lost his ship-in-being to bombers in the fastness of a Norwegian fjord very near the end of the war or the Japanese fleet commander, who sent the giant *Yamato,* Japan's ship-in-being, on a suicide mission fated for failure in the face of complete command of the air and sea by her enemy?

In the light of Mr. Woodward's illuminating chapter, "Rebuilding by Violation of Treaty," what shall we say about our erstwhile enemies, Germany and Japan, stripped of their military and naval power at the end of World War II, now urged to re-arm in support of our cold war against a former ally?

If I may be permitted to quote myself, perhaps we can agree that, "Command of the sea by whatever means may be necessary to accomplish it would seem to be as valid a lesson from history as it was in the time of Mahan."



"The *Tirpitz* exercised an effect out of all proportion to her importance."

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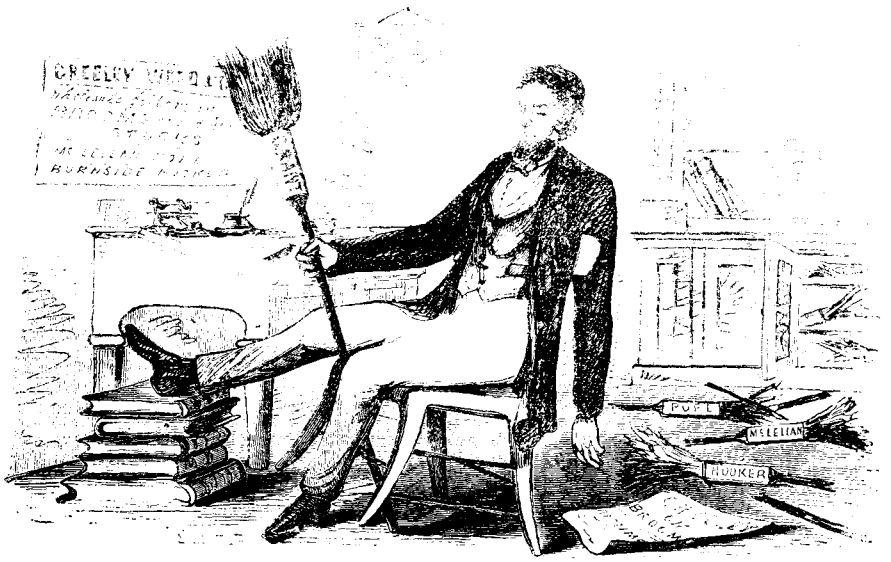

—From "Lincoln in Caricature" (Horizon).

"Mr. Lincoln Finds a Broom to his Liking."

Glory of a Galena Clerk

"U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition," by Bruce Catton *(Little, Brown. 201 pp. $3), the first in a new series, The Library of American Biography, reassesses the Civil War commander's record as military man and President. Here it is reviewed by T. Harry Williams, professor of history at Louisiana State University, author of "Lincoln and His Generals," and other books.*

By T. Harry Williams

BRUCE CATTON, who is one of the best writers of history practising today, loves to begin a sentence, particularly the first one in a chapter or a paragraph, with "It"—"It was," "It is," "It did not." If he were writing this review, he would probably start it with some such dramatic pronouncement as "It is a new kind of biography," and would then turn out a paragraph of beautiful, impressionistic prose to describe the newest project in publishing. The Library of American Biography, now being launched by Little, Brown & Co., under the editorship of Oscar Handlin of Harvard. As Mr. Catton has written the first volume to appear in the series, he cannot very well describe the project. But a new kind of biography it is that Professor Handlin and his advisers have conceived, and one that promises to be a valuable as well as an exciting accession to American letters.

The idea back of the series is to take an important or a representative American and relate him to the trend or tradition in American life that he embodies or symbolizes. The titles of the next five books in the set, slated for publication in the next three months, show as well as anything the aim of the editor and the authors. These volumes are "William H. Welch and the Rise of Modern Medicine," by Donald Fleming; "Elihu Root and the Conservative Tradition," by Richard W. Leopold; "Elisha Kent Kane and the Seafaring Frontier," by Jeannette Mirsky; "Benjamin Franklin and a Rising People," by Verner W. Crane; and "Samuel F. B. Morse and American Art," by Oliver W. Larkin. Now being prepared and scheduled for later appearances are lives of Woodrow Wilson, George Washington, Brigham Young, Daniel Webster, Louis D. Brandeis, Alfred E. Smith, and others. Apparently each volume is to be two hundred pages or a little less in length. This restriction means that the authors must know their subject in detail and be able to summarize the detail in presentation—both good qualities and both of which have often been lacking in American biographical writing.

Mr. Catton has both of them. His story of Grant is divided into three parts: Grant's life up to 1860; the Civil War—"The Great Commander"; and the postwar period—"The General in Politics." The second and third sections are, of course, the most interesting and significant. In recent years and at long last U. S. Grant is receiving his just due as a general. His case is curious. Here was a man who led the greatest armies of his country to victory, it is said by some to save the American Union, and who was rarely mentioned for his rank as the greatest soldier of the age. Then the historians, influenced by his record as President and dazzled by the reputation of Lee, started to write him down. The general who believed in speed and deception, who was a fine organizer and administrator, who was a straight military thinker, came out in the books as a plodder, a butcher, a man almost unable to think about the art of war. Mr. Catton's analysis should help to set the record right. Particularly good is his account of the Virginia campaign of 1864-1865, in which Grant is usually pictured as pounding his way to Richmond in a sea of blood. This movement, Catton points out, makes sense only when viewed as part of a total strategic plan—a plan which Grant had made. Maybe, some day, his objective will be understood by students of the war.

IN 1868 the soldier was elected President. He would serve for two terms in a difficult period of postwar adjustment marked by one of the worst upsurges of materialism and corruption in our history. Only a great human spirit who was a skilled politician could have led the nation through the mazes of those terrible years. Lincoln might have done it. Grant didn't have a prayer. As Catton writes, Grant's role called on him to transcend the national character, and instead of transcending it he embodied it. Perhaps his greatest weakness as a political leader was that he did not understand the Constitution or the American system of government. Of the President's place in the government he had an imperfect concept. He believed in democracy and liked to say that he had no policy to enforce against the will of the people. How could he learn the will of the people? It was what Congress said and did—the traditional army officer's view that Congress is the supreme authority. Grant believed that he should act as the administrative agent of Congress, which was probably the way the country wanted him to act and which was exactly the way he should not have acted. Americans have been fearful of putting professional soldiers in the White House—the soldier will reach for power. The careers of the soldier Presidents show the fear is unfounded. Grant, like Zachary Taylor before him and perhaps like Dwight Eisenhower after, did not try to use too much authority but too little. That was the tragedy of his Presidency.

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The Saturday Review

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God, Man, and the H-Bomb

SUPPOSE the decision had been yours alone?

Suppose you had been given the final responsibility to determine whether your government would proceed with the development of a hydrogen bomb, and, beyond that, a cobalt bomb? Suppose you knew that the killing power of the new weapons was now without limit and that the blood toll of their use might involve one billion human beings? What would you do?

Would you have been able to make a snap decision, or would you have been profoundly shaken by the ultimate nature of your own power, living and suffering with the problem and searching for a certainty that was nowhere to be found? And, assuming you eventually did arrive at a decision, what about the anguished doubts that preceded it?

Wouldn't one of your anguished doubts have grown out of the realization that a decision against the hell bombs would not have disposed of hell bombs on earth? Would this mean that, in the event of another war, the hell bombs would not be used? Indeed, you knew that the hell bombs *were* already being accumulated elsewhere—in a world atmosphere of explosive tensions. And you well knew the implications of sole possession of the hell bombs by an insecure, restless, and hostile power. Would a decision, then, against the hell bombs have increased or decreased the danger of another war? And what would such a decision have meant in terms of the kind of life that would have been possible—for us or anyone else—under the cloud of cobalt terror?

These questions filled your mind but you were also tormented by something else. You knew the liabilities of pure power. You knew that your own country had actually weakened itself in recent years because it never fully understood the requirements of its own security. It never faced up to the fact that absolute sovereignty would produce not absolute safety but absolute danger. You knew that at the end of almost a decade of testing and making the engines of mass incineration, we were actually less secure than when the stockpiling began. We had assumed that it would take years before any possible enemy could develop such weapons. Was this the possible manifestation of a superiority complex that could prove as costly to us as superiority complexes had proved to others in the past? And you knew that this assumption of monopoly, at precisely the time it had been proven false, led to another assumption equally dangerous—the assumption that we could always stay far ahead in the atomic scramble.

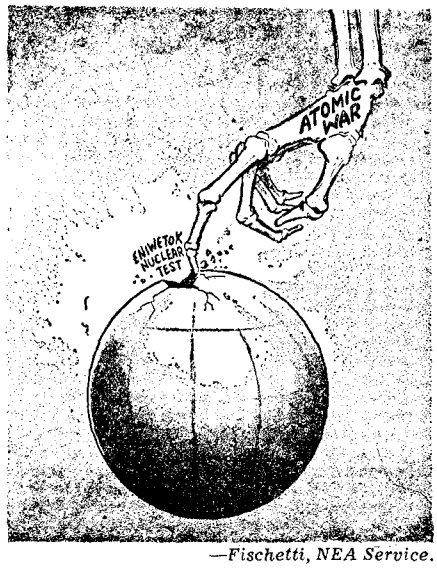
It was not the total number of hell bombs that would be decisive but the nature of the target itself. A nation of industrial centers is supremely vulnerable; a nation of towns and villages somewhat less so. And you knew there was no military defense and that there could be none. The competition was to be measured in terms of total destruction.

Another anguished doubt about the problem facing you was caused by the fact of our insecurity at the peak of our power. This insecurity had resulted in a vast internal frustration, with our fears becoming shrill and organized. In such a situation demagogues were causing us to turn against ourselves: they could claim that only they could identify the enemy and dispatch him.

You knew that the true source of our strength was to be found, and could only be found, in the friendship and allegiance freely given us by other peoples. Leadership was more than initiative; it was acceptance. But the measure of our acceptance was being reduced in the world. People were wondering if we had the wisdom to go with strength. When they looked at America they saw a fabled country with inspiring memories but with a bewildering present. At a distance America seemed more concerned with maintaining its paychecks than its position in the world. Each of the great political parties seemed to behave as though its only purpose in life was to disfigure and demolish the other. We were too busy in political back-alley fights to understand the full significance of the age of nuclear power we ourselves had launched.

The many good things we did—helping others to rebuild or develop their own countries—had never fully made their mark. What had happened was that the proportion to the rest was not bold enough. Also, we had made too much of the argument that these programs would give us a military advantage, and said too little about the fact that we were doing this because it was the right thing to do. And these aid programs were now dwindling.

ALL THESE things, to repeat, figured in your thinking as you pondered the big question. Yet some clarity began to emerge on one point, at least. You knew that if the hell bombs were to be justified at all, such justification could only proceed out of the fact that we would be making them for the ex-



—Fischetti, NEA Service.

"Just scratching the surface."

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press purpose of giving them up at the proper time and place. You felt that you had to have in your possession an equity to power [illegible] any negotiations looking to enforceable disarmament under enforceable peace. The only sanction for making the bomb would be to support the conditions under which they could be kept out of the arsenals of *all* nations. For if the world organization was to have effective powers to compel and enforce disarmament, those powers would have to be derived from the consent of the governed. And such consent would require it more than a hypothetical token surrender of sovereignty. It would require the physical surrender of the great weapons. Such surrender would have to be based on parity. A nation that owned more than the others would be inclined to surrender only what was being surrendered by the others.

Wouldn't it have been equally clear that whatever your decision was, it would have been necessary to make your reasons known to world public opinion? Wouldn't you feel the need to press mightily day after day for a program of effective disarmament under enforceable and foolproof safeguards? Wouldn't you have recognized that there was no more important business than this, for us or anyone else? Wouldn't you have taken the position that only by investing some sovereignty in world law would it have been possible to save any sovereignty at all?

FINALLY, wouldn't you have found it necessary to recognize the existence of an additional allegiance, and possibly a higher one? Would you have felt that this allegiance was related to a cause ever higher than that of the nation—the cause of human life, its meaning and its destiny?—now that warfare has been projected to a dimension where the principal issue was not victory or defeat for any nation but the conditions of human survival. And, assuming you felt life to be sacred, what do you do about King Cobalt? Cobalt emits gamma rays 320 times more potent than radium. Cobalt is wrapped around an atomic bomb or a hydrogen bomb. When exploded it doesn't merely set off a blast. It attacks the atmosphere and lingers over a period measured not in hours but in years.

Thinking along these lines, wouldn't you also give some thought to the natural rights of man, placing those rights above national rights? Wouldn't you have asked yourself whether the institution of the fully sovereign nation had not become antagonistic to the institution of man? Wouldn't you have reflected that the United States had been created precisely for the purpose of securing the natural rights of man as [illegible] and that a heritage of [illegible] was to be used to [illegible] all [illegible] everybody, but that freedom could not long exist in a world of anarchy and, indeed, that anarchy imperiled life itself. For all these reasons, wouldn't you have felt the need to speak in behalf of all men, their basic needs on this planet, and their hopes? And if some nations held back as you pressed for world law, would your obligation be any the less to continue?

All these questions and problems were connected with the big decision you were called upon to make. As you pondered them, would you have stopped to ask yourself what the great religious leaders in history would have done if that big decision had been theirs to make? Would you have looked to a country that relied on its spiritual foundations to find the religious factor be so largely excluded from your own decision? Would the great religious leaders have preferred to die themselves rather than sanction the use of a weapon that brought the gift of life under total jeopardy? Specifically what would Christ do? If this question is irrelevant, then nothing in Christianity is relevant to the human situation today.

The reason it becomes important for us as individuals to consider these questions is that, under democratic government, we may not make the ultimate decisions, but we have the ultimate responsibility for them.

—N. C.

To an Unborn Archeologist

By Frances Minturn Howard

WELL, dig us deep. But you'll not find by us
Carved lions circling shields of hammered gold,
Birds with cut emerald eyes, an ivory foot,
A severed breast of marble whose full swell
Shames living flesh; a head whose stony eyes
Stare with blind wonder at forgotten skies.
And all the jungled wrack and wreck of time
Crying with broken mouths of beauty gone.

I saw once pictured and I see it yet
Palmyra glimmering like a sinking pearl
Among deep sand; Palmyra, white and lost,
Whose road the tough bronzed Roman legions trod,
Shouting below the archways, armor banging
Between interminable delicate pillars stretching
Mile after blue-framed mile; the golden standards
The plumes, the shields, the spears, the hard-thonged feet
Set down so strongly, gone like the wash of a birdwing
That leaves no wake upon the travelled air—

Only Palmyra, white chipped pearl, fast sinking
Deep into covering sand; and a mighty roadway
Leading to nothing. Who could believe, I said,
What arrogant soldier carelessly brushing his comrades'
Hard shoulders, treading the road to Palmyra
Whose sounds and scents rolled down rich carpet-tread
With markets to buy at, with women with slow eyes to bow
Roughly to earth, with wine to be gulped, with the flavor
And noise and shouts and half-heard sounds of cities
All to be sampled and savored, burning before him,
What soldier could conceive Palmyra now,
A silence and a burst of blowing sand?

Then I walked out in dream my city's streets
And broke its archways in my secret mind.
How will they guess us, we whose skill was carved
Not in a small cut jewel, but in motion
Spelled on uncharted air? Round gesture of a wheel,
Speed beating between the eyes—the immobile wing
Unfeathered, metal, mounting the slanting skies,
The audacious blades churning beneath black seas . . .
Who shall decipher spirit from our rust,
Or say how brave we walked among the stars?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KESSELRING'S GUILT

GORDON HARRISON'S REVIEW of "Kesselring" [*SR* April 17] amounts to an apology for a criminal. The condemnation of Kesselring as a war criminal is referred to as a "blot on the record," as a "crime" by "the democracies who devised the Nuremberg trials as a new instrument in international justice only to *poison it* with the spirit of vengeance." [Italics mine.] "He was the logical *victim* of that naive postwar emotion which confused war-makers with fighters." [Italics mine.] One senses here a feeling almost of regret that the Nuremberg trials were instituted at all.

Mr. Harrison seems to believe that a man, once he is part of a system of ranks, where he gives and takes orders, is not responsible for his actions if he is following orders. Is a murderer innocent because he committed the murder on order of the boss of the gang? Similarly, in war a soldier permits his superiors to determine his actions for him, to determine whom he shall kill. But he, as well as the ordering superiors, remains responsible for those actions. . . . Yet the unbelievable belief is prevalent, as exemplified in Mr. Harrison, that a man can "pass on" his soul and personal responsibility into the hands of another.

Even if this were so, even if the ordinary soldier should not be considered guilty for his participation in an aggressive war, surely this cannot be true of General Kesselring. It cannot be true of any high-ranking officer. Kesselring commanded hordes of men; he was one of the most powerful men in history. Surely *he* cannot pass on the responsibility for his actions to a superior, and that superior Hitler! He had in his hand not only his own conscience, but that of countless German soldiers, consciences which in the system of military rank had been "transferred" to him. His guilt likewise would mean the guilt of these men who obeyed him blindly.

Yet Mr. Harrison calls Kesselring a "logical victim"! Should we substitute Mr. Harrison's logic? The logic that says that a man is blameless, since he acts under orders (of Hitler), though his actions result in death and blood and sorrow for millions of people?

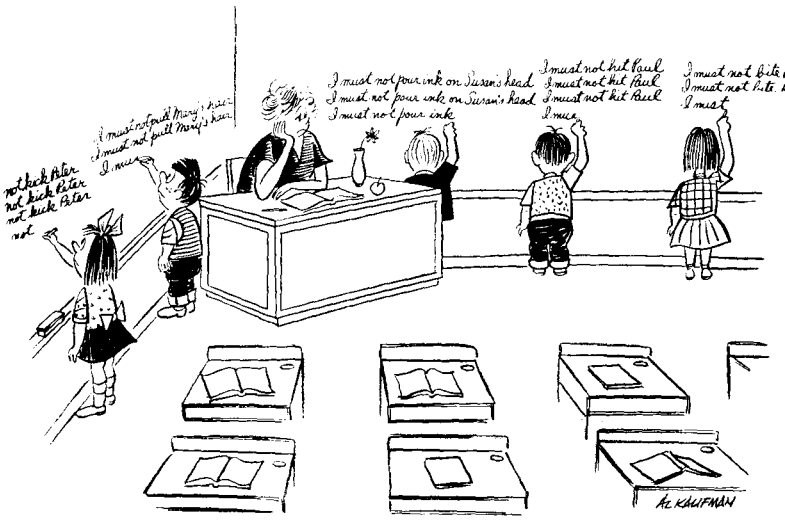
BRUNO GUARINO.

New York, N.Y.

BILL OF INDICTMENT

GORDON HARRISON MAINTAINS that Kesselring "was the logical victim of that naive postwar emotion which confused war-makers with fighters." The reviewer expresses his relief that Field Marshal Kesselring was not executed as a war criminal and was eventually released from jail. Harrison adds: "The blot on the record, nevertheless, remains."

The blot on whose record? On the record of the Nuremberg judges, of course, who, Mr. Harrison implies, should never


I must not pull Mary's hair
I must not pull Mary's hair
I must not pull Mary's hair
I must not pour ink on Susan's head
I must not pour ink on Susan's head
I must not pour ink
I must not hit Paul
I must not hit Paul
I must not hit Paul
I must not bite her
I must not bite her
I must not bite her
I must not kick Peter
I must not kick Peter
I must not kick Peter
AL KAUFMAN

have dared to cite this gentleman to court. And the reviewer ends up by characterizing the "moving pages" of the Nazi's memoirs as a plea for "understanding and tolerance."

To me, Mr. Harrison appears naive, not the Nuremberg judges who condemned Albert von Kesselring to death. Should a reviewer permit himself to be taken in by an author? Kesselring's volume is not even an *apologia pro sua vita*; it barely touches upon the charges held against him at Nuremberg. He admits having, as Commander of the German Forces in Italy, given out an order urging his soldiers to prosecute the fight against the guerilla bands "with every available means and with the greatest severity," but attributes all atrocities his troops had been charged with at Nuremberg to neo-Fascists, or to "Italian criminal elements wearing German uniforms."

Yet Volume 9 of "Trial of the Major War Criminals" makes it clear that Von Kesselring repeatedly violated the rules of warfare. His air squadrons dropped bombs on undefended Rotterdam after negotiations for the city's capitulation had started ("I wish to make it clear that this was one of those unforeseeable coincidences of war," Kesselring whined at Nuremberg, *op. cit.* p. 175). He was responsible for the ruthless air attack on Coventry, which was *not* a military objective. In Italy he was responsible for the Ardeatine Caves massacre in which 335 Italians were slaughtered, and he incited his troops to "excesses that led to the killing of 1,078 other Italian civilians, including school children and babies" (*New York Times*, May 7, 1947).

At Nuremberg, Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe reminded the defendant of a raid undertaken by a German unit as a reprisal to guerilla activities. Kesselring's noble warriors took the village by surprise: "Innocent inhabitants were . . . shot on sight. During that day [in June 1944, shortly after the promulgation of Kesselring's order] 212 men, women, and children in the immediate district were killed. Some of the dead women were found completely naked. . . . Ages of the dead ranged from one year to eighty-four years. Approximately 100 houses were destroyed by fire. Some of the victims were burned alive" (*op. cit.*, pp. 222-23).

Sapienti sat. Grateful for having escaped the noose, the Nazi Field Marshal should have kept quiet. Instead he wrote a book, a "J'accuse" in which he has the nerve to complain that he was made to "live with criminals in jail." Histrionically he asserts that he would have preferred "death by shooting."

Will anyone believe him? I'm afraid there will be plenty of naive people among the readers willing to encourage this surviving henchman of Hitler with their dollars.

ALFRED WERNER.

New York, N.Y.

FAILURE AT NUREMBERG

MR. GUARINO MAKES MY POINT far better than I made it myself. Kesselring was found guilty precisely on the reasoning that a commander must answer for whatever his troops do, whether or not it can be shown that he ordered such action or even was aware of it. On that reasoning few high commanders on either side could escape charges of criminality, and the question remains: Why was Kesselring singled out for punishment?

Mr. Werner repeats the bill of indictment against Kesselring at Nuremberg without observing that none of the specifications was proved. The "blot on the record" to which I referred was the notable failure of the Nuremberg court to extend to the accused the basic safeguard of Anglo-Saxon justice: that the burden rests with the prosecution to prove guilt beyond reasonable doubt. The record is full of such dubious presumptions as that the Kesselring order to war against guerillas "with every available means and with the greatest severity" was actually intended to sanction atrocities. If it was, that fact was never proved.

GORDON HARRISON.

Detroit, Mich.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Savoy Showcase

TO THE average theatregoer Gilbert and Sullivan is a mildly entertaining theatrical curiosity. But to the highly susceptible it is a glorious case of musical measles, and producer-director Dorothy Raedler holds the opinion that—as in all things pathological—the epidemic-creating conditions are repeated exposure of patients to the germ. This spring she has been doing her best to spread G & S by presenting ten of their operettas in weekly sequence at New York's President Theatre.

"Doing the shows in repertory at one theatre is ideal," says the formidable entrepreneur. "This way, the word-of-mouth reports and the favorable reviews have time to build you an audience. One production helps the next. A man who enjoyed 'The Mikado' will come back again to see 'Yeomen of the Guard' and some of the others. Furthermore, he will usually bring a party with him when he does."

While Miss Raedler's American Savoyards, as the six-year-old troupe is now called, are having an astonishing success at the little 284-seat house on 48th Street, she expects the whole operation to wind up with a small deficit. The maximum weekly revenue is $4,900, and her expenses come to $4,800. Moreover, paring the budget down to that figure was a major task involving the cooperative concessions of the theatrical unions. Actor's Equity allowed Miss Raedler to pay the principals $55 a week. Chorus Equity pitched in with a minimum of $60 a week for its members. ATPAM permitted the standard off-Broadway concession of a press-agent and a house manager for $225 instead of the usual three men at $515. Finally, the stagehands' union acquiesced to the company's only using three men at the head-of-department minimum of $147.83 each. The principle behind this upside-down scale of wages is that the unions regard the President Theatre operation as a showcase, and believe therefore that the lowest pay should go to those who will benefit most from being seen by audiences and that the highest pay should go to those who, not being seen at all, have no chance of advancement through the engagement.

In order to gain even these concessions, Miss Raedler was forced to operate without scenery, which would have required several more stagehands. She was reluctant to drop the customary settings, but to her surprise the lack of background embellishment seemed to help rather than hurt the shows. Another economy move which resulted in an "orchestra" of only a piano and an electric organ has also proved beneficial. The critics have commented that in the present production Gilbert's lyrics are clearer than in any of the past large-company presentations.

Except for these departures, the American Savoyards feel that they have stuck very closely to the G & S conventions.

"Customers sometimes accuse us of modernizing the lines," states Miss Raedler, "but we never change a word. It's just that Gilbert *is* so modern. For instance, there's a line in 'Ruddigore' (1887) in which Sir Ruthven announces that he has made a false Income Tax return. Somebody thought that we had added that, but it's right there in the original."

Because Miss Raedler is such a stickler, she has set the requirements of her cast very high. Any actor she hires must be able to sing the rather difficult range which Sullivan's music requires, articulate with a rapidity that only Gilbert and Danny Kaye put into a song; in addition, her actors must be able to learn their parts by themselves, which means they must play the piano. But even the most accomplished singers risk a turndown from Miss Raedler unless they have a high ability to coordinate the rapid series of G & S gestures with the singing of the music. According to her, this is about as difficult as rubbing your stomach and patting your head at the same time.

"Even with such ability, it takes years of experience with the company before the stylized Victorian acting technique can be mastered by Americans," continues the producer. "The first-year performer is always guilty of body-jerking and unnecessary fidgeting. Good G & S acting is always free-flowing and finished with a very definite composure."

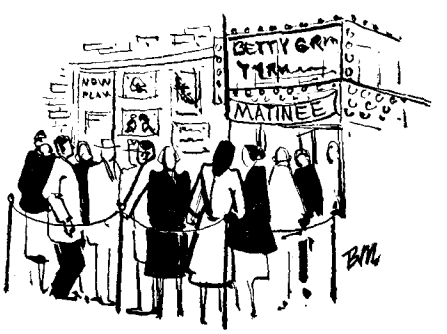
The rehearsal schedule is arduous, but since they are working in permanent repertory all gains are cumulative. Thus, the residents of Monmouth, Maine, will see an even better performance there this summer than they did last when the American Savoyards played a ten-week season there.

Similarly, each show remaining on the spring schedule should be slightly better acted than its predecessor as the company becomes more fluent. The public shares this benefit of repertory playing as well as the rare opportunity of seeing G & S operettas that are seldom done. The present production, "Yeoman of the Guard," was believed by Gilbert and Sullivan to be their best work, but being closer to grand opera than the others it is almost impossible for any but a professional company to present. "Princess Ida," which is probably the most fun to play of all the shows, hasn't been performed professionally on Broadway since 1938. Likewise the final production, "The Sorcerer," whose light hummable score and fast action should make it a favorite of children.

The company feels that the lesser-known operas are every bit as good as "The Mikado" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," whose familiarity makes them the box-office favorites. To make the others equally familiar and perhaps equally popular the American Savoyards are planning a twelve-week season next year at a larger Broadway house. They would repeat all ten shows and then bring the two most popular ones back for the final two weeks. As an added project, they would like to do a concert reading of "Utopia Ltd." under the auspices of Chapter One (the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA). "Utopia Ltd.," which is a satire on the Victorian England of Gilbert's day, has never been performed in New York.

If they are able to secure a theatre, Miss Raedler plans to get a better cyclorama and a streamlined series of sets which can be handled by a maximum of seven stagehands. In addition, she would augment her orchestra to ten instruments. If this works out, the American Savoyards' showcase quarantine will be over, the cast will no longer be tormented by the aroma of food they can't afford to eat being wafted up from Leone's Restaurant next door, and Miss Raedler and her backers will have more than an epidemic of musical measles. They will have a slight rash of profits.

—HENRY HEWES.



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A

AB

B.

O

What Type American Are You?

It takes a lot of different types of people to make America what it is. And it takes different types of blood to make a blood bank . . . each as important as the other . . . each needed desperately.

Before the next 60 seconds have ticked away, four Americans will need blood to save their lives.

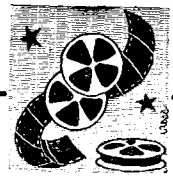
Give blood today . . . and save a life tomorrow!

the blood you give helps someone live!

GIVE BLOOD NOW

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

NATIONAL BLOOD PROGRAM



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lust in Germany, Crime in Miami

LOTS of violence this week. To start at the top of my list there is "Carnival Story" (RKO), which exposes the sensuous charms and considerable acting ability of Anne Baxter to the rigors of life and lust in an American honky-tonk touring Western Germany. The choice of locale must remain a mystery (there is some vague talk toward the beginning of the picture about the show's failure to make money in the United States and the improbable hope that it will do better abroad) but it does give fine crowd-scene glimpses of German extras, who seem to have more mobile and various faces than their American counterparts.

Anyway, Miss Baxter is a well-developed waif who enters the action by picking the pocket of Steve Cochran, a heavily virile type who plays the part of a barker for some of the carnival attractions. Cochran catches her, kisses her, and gets her a job in the cook tent. Although she is almost blearily under Cochran's evil spell, she attracts the friendship of Lyle Bettger, the show's star high-diver, who takes her under his wing and in no time at all has taught her high-diving and proposed marriage, both successfully. But Cochran, an oily stud in a second-hand sports jacket, won't let her alone; and before Miss Baxter finds her freedom and Cochran meets a Grand Guignol nemesis hurled from a Ferris wheel by a mute side-show giant, the viewer is treated to an overdose of combined grue and sex.

"Carnival Story" is a doubtful contender for any Oscar honors, but in its way it gave me a better slice of movie entertainment than some of the more pretentious offerings of the season so far. Aside from the *Life* photographer who brings Miss Baxter true love at the end, the casting is excellent and convincing. Bert Lytell, as the carney boss, is a fine combination of paternalism and pure con. Cochran's bedroom-bounderied heel is excellent of its type, Lyle Bettger's earnest high diver equally good, as colorless and drab away from his act as he is splendid and spangled while performing. But it is Anne Baxter's picture, and it is she who deserves its top honors. It's a pity that one of the best actresses in Hollywood has had so few roles that are really up to her potentialities. In "Carnival Story" she traces the metamorphosis from kitchen slavey to diving queen with delicate skill. The surface progression is one of better clothes, greater confidence, and so on, but beneath this Miss Baxter limns a certain cheapening in character. For every change in her fortunes and costume, for every new spangle, there seems to be just the faintest new trace of hardness and coarseness about her. And in one of her scenes, which I here nominate for sexiest of the year, she makes most of the best-publicized screen sirens look as unconvincing and unexciting as candy-box-top chromos. Rumpled and tousled, her face sleep-lined and slumbrously sultry, she wakes alone after a forced and tempestuous reconciliation with Cochran—a tableau that could well serve as an illustration for Blake's verse: "The lineaments of gratified desire."

* * *

The inspiration of **"The Miami Story"** (Columbia) is obviously in the recent revelations of crime in the Florida resort city. Well, things are even rougher there than most of the lurid newspaper accounts would have us believe, but they should soon be well under control due to the virtuous if sometimes devious efforts of honest cops and reformed mobsters like Barry Sullivan.

Sullivan is imported by the clean-up movement boys to pose as a hood with Cuban connections. I'm not at all certain whether this popular set-a-thief-to-catch-a-thief philosophy is in the best interest either of ethics or real law enforcement, but it makes for lively melodrama. Sullivan has never been one of my favorite leading men, but here he seems to have a

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1049)

JOHN KIERAN:
FOOTNOTES ON NATURE

I shook a branch of the yew . . .
The green bush sent up clouds of
pollen in all directions just like a
miniature volcano. I suddenly re-
called two lines of Tennyson . . . :
"O brother, I have watched this yew
tree smoke
Spring after spring, for half a hun-
dred years."

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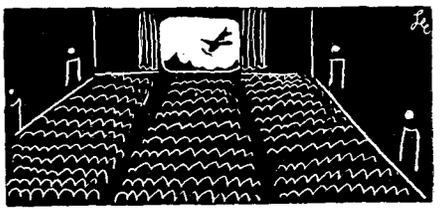
role to get his teeth into, and he reminded me of William Holden in some of the latter's cops-and-robbers epics; which is high praise. He comes to grips with a sinister mob led by Luther Adler, and that is about as sinister as celluloid can get. Adele Jergens, who had heretofore impressed me only as a pretty face perched on a shapely frame, does a good job as a girl mobster in charge of vice in the area. All in all, a fast-paced and entertaining helping of good guys versus bad.

The only major complaint I'd register on "The Miami Story" (and on a good many movies like it) is the necessity felt by the producers to offer their product as a moral lesson or a documentary study. There is an introductory speech to this one by Florida's Senator George A. Smathers, who is against crime, and an irritating off-screen commentary throughout which does nothing either to advance or explain the action.

* * *

In **"Witness to Murder"** (United Artists) we are introduced to a woman, Barbara Stanwyck, who sees a murder being committed (by George Sanders), and then can't get the police, Gary Merrill, to believe her story because Sanders has inconsiderately cleaned up all the clues and provided himself with a perfectly pat story. As a result, Miss Stanwyck



is carted off to the looney bin. Even after she is freed she can get nobody to believe her save the sinister Sanders, who blandly admits his guilt to her as well as his plan to wipe the slate clean by doing her in. At any moment, in fact, I expected Sanders to recite T. S. Eliot:

> Any man has to, needs to, wants to
> Once in a lifetime, do a girl in.

But no, he is much more the Nietzsche type.

Mr. Sanders comes very close to having his nefarious way with Miss Stanwyck, who reacts with her by now familiar but still effective histrionics. Police Lieutenant Merrill saves the day, however, in a precarious roughhouse with Sanders high on the framework of a building under construction. It's pure melodrama, but Stanwyck, Sanders, and Merrill all turn in performances that keep the creakiness of the plot out of your consciousness until after the action is over, and this, I suspect, is one test of a good thriller. —Al Hine.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

Donald Culross Peattie of Santa Barbara, California, herewith describes ten fictional she-children and asks you to name the works in which they appear and the authors of those works. You should get eight, you might get nine, and if you get all ten, he concludes, "your reward will be quintuplet females in fiscal '54—and think of the tax exemptions!" Answers on page 44.

1. This dusky child of Nature could give no clear account of how she was raised.
2. This eerie English miss and her brother saw ghosts and got their governess to seeing them too.
3. This French child of woe was long sought by her father (who was long sought by a policeman) and found in the hands of cruel foster parents.
4. This overly knowing little French doll lived in a great English house with a handsome man, a plain governess, and a mad woman.
5. This little native of Jamaica murdered a Dutchman and an innocent man was hanged for it in England.
6. This London lass solved the housing problem in a most original way, was guarded by Redskins, and kidnapped by river pirates.
7. This short-lived English maiden became a guide in a wax-works and a dozen small boys immediately fell in love with her.
8. This Flemish youngster set out with her brother on a protracted bird hunt that led them home again.
9. This expatriated girl, in defense of her brother, was almost stoned and trampled to death by herd-children in Kashmir.
10. This child of the downs, in boys' clothing, jumped to national fame.

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TV AND RADIO

A New Dimension in Broadcast News

YOU may know when you read these lines whether or not the Atomic Energy Commission's three-man Security Board has found Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer a security risk. You may also know, from the opening gambits of the Geneva Conference, whether or not the parley is likely to stop the shooting war in Indo-China. In a recent week, however, when both these great news stories were still mysteries in fluidity and enigmas evolving, I was vouchsafed some "taut and penetrating insights" into these current affairs. The vouchsafer was "Heart of the News," a new NBC Radio quarter-hour sustainer, originated in New York by the network Mondays through Fridays at 10:15 P.M., and available in other cities at the pleasure of local station operators.

Remember, please, the tantalizing rock that Senator Joseph R. McCarthy rippled into his Reply-to-Edward-R.-Murrow telecast on CBS: "If there were no Communists in our Government, why did we delay for eighteen months—delay our research on the hydrogen bomb . . .?" Subsequently, I heard many reporters and analysts on the air quote the Senator, but none had time, mid-stream in other news items, to dwell upon this new hint of vast inner-council treason. The suspense was unsettling, to say the least. Two nights later "Heart of the News" devoted its full fifteen minutes to the story of the alleged delay in the H-bomb, on the basis of all the then known facts. Editor James Fleming and correspondents Richard Harkness and W. W. Chaplin recapped the history of the A-bomb since 1945. I learned for the first time (perhaps I had read and forgotten) about the big behind-the-scenes debate among top Government officials that preceded President Truman's decision to go ahead and build the H-bomb in 1949.

If there were any delay, the NBC newsmen pointed out, it was caused by honest soul-searching; and the deciding vote in favor of recommending the "crash" program to Truman was cast by former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, at one time a prime McCarthy target. Concluded the NBC staffers: "The published record so far shows only differences in judgment, not sinister motives." All this is familiar to us now. In the context immediately following Senator McCarthy's mysterious charge, however, amid the uncertainty and portentousness, the "Heart of the News" rundown was reassuring. The long, clear view was a welcome example of responsible journalism on the air.

The next week, after the Oppenheimer story broke, the program extended one of its broadcasts to forty-five minutes for a special treatment of the case, "in detail, perspective, and with editorial judgment . . ." Newsmen Morgan Beatty, Leon Pearson, Henry Cassidy, and other able reporters explained why the old charges against the atomic scientist were being brought up again. They related the charges to President Eisenhower's new loyalty program, they drew a personal portrait of Dr. Oppenheimer; and in a question and answer exchange they focused on the specifics of the charges and the responses. Finally, Joseph C. Harsch, State Department correspondent for NBC, broadened the issue with a calm, illuminating commentary on political conformity vs. our nation's use of the skill and knowledge of gifted individuals. It was an absorbing broadcast—"group journalism" surrounding a single story and lighting it up in depth.

Generally speaking, you get the facts in the news quickly and superficially on radio-TV, and then you wait for the newspapers and magazines to elaborate them. That night "Heart of the News" proved that radio can do the necessary elaborating itself. I have since heard and read much on the Oppenheimer case, but I have come upon little that is new after listening to that broadcast. Especially memorable was the impact—again in the momentary context of the drama—of Mr. Pearson's word-picture of Dr. Oppenheimer, the man: introspective genius, first ivory-towered on his campus, then propelled by deep stirrings of rage and sympathy into the fissionable world of Hitler and the Depression; to be stimulated and then disenchanted by new personal and social life among the Communists; and ultimately chemicalizing and maturing into the indispensable executive necromancer who, by the testimony of his peers, his fellow-scientists, drew from the mystic tables of nuclear dynamics the awesome words Los Alamos.

The companion lead story in the news that week was the "Odyssey" of John Foster Dulles, as the Secretary of State planed to Europe and back in search of Western unity at Geneva. Did Dulles "give in" to England's Eden? Was Red China to be "appeased"? Did the U.S. want "massive retaliation" and war? These were the public questions that framed the Secretary's jaunt. Mr. Harsch, in that frame, sketched an understandable portrait for "Heart of the News" of a man trained all his life for this job, meeting his first real crisis, destined to draw fire both at home and abroad no matter what he does, nevertheless doggedly chasing the three-ringed rainbow of no big war, no big appeasement—and security. On the same program, Daniel McCullough, NBC's Geneva correspondent, filled in with a word tour of the conference site. This was an error, a departure from the program's fine premise. There was no depth, no perspective, no reason.

On the Friday of the week under examination, the program brought an informal interview with Harry Schwartz, *New York Times* Russian expert, summarizing what the Soviet citizen reads behind the Iron Curtain. Mr. Schwartz knows his subject, and the facts were new—but they fitted prior assumptions and as such they were merely extensions of the known and without challenge. Whether the story be big or small, "Heart of the News" has enlisted in a cause nowhere else regularly espoused on the air—the treatment in depth of a single story. Its success lies in modification or clarification, in any degree, of listener assumptions, not in reinforcement. When "Heart of the News" is not probing hard and deep—in short, when it is itself not thinking and learning—then it is giving us nothing but news, and the air is well supplied with that.

Early in 1951, reporting on radio-TV for *The Christian Monitor*, I reviewed "Voices and Events," a former NBC Radio program edited by James Fleming. I said: "An attitude, a direction, a point of view is sadly lacking. . . . The show fails because it cannot give a well-rounded, detailed treatment to any one item. . . . A truly new dimension would be journalistic integration, clarification, and synthesis. . . ." To a critic, it forever seems that he is a voice crying in the wilderness. I am sure NBC has its own flowing wells of inspiration, but the coincidence is agreeable. "Heart of the News" is a step in a good direction. Its premise, for NBC, for other networks, is susceptible to creative variations. It deserves the attention of listeners hopeful of something fresh, useful, and noteworthy in news on the air.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Maggie Teyte, Philharmonic, Other Events

THIS year's seminar in the art of the French *chanson* came and went in the space of two hours recently when Maggie Teyte returned to the stage of Town Hall for the first time in four years, but those who heard it will long cherish the memory. Working with a surety of touch and a certainty of purpose which almost any singer of the day might envy, Miss Teyte absorbed the attention of her audience from her entrance and held it all evening long in the hollow of her hand (and voice).

According to which source book one consults, Miss Teyte is between sixty-five and seventy years of age (were the former fact true, it would mean that the great Jean de Reszke accepted her as a pupil at the age of fourteen), but the present evidences of long background are more than complimentary. I have no way of knowing how carefully Miss Teyte prepared for this event, but she sang every note of the portion I heard (two-thirds of the whole) on pitch, in time, and with a variety of vocal colorations that elude classification. Power, of course, was in short supply, and an occasional F or G marked the upper limits of range, but she sought no effects but virtuous ones and missed very few of those she sought. On the other hand, she utilized low A' and G's with a thorough sense of the contrast they conveyed.

To these physical factors—which are merely cited as proofs that Miss Teyte was trading with solid vocal currency rather than merely on the reputation that brought her a long salvo of applause when she entered—the singer added verve, a spirit, a malleability of mood that made her one kind of figure in the first group, mostly of *chansons* from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and another in the brooding measures of Debussy's "Fêtes Galantes" and "Chansons de Bilitis."

The evening began somewhat unconventionally when Miss Teyte, speaking up to thank her audience for its greeting, added that she would like to preface the printed program with Berlioz's "L'Absence," "dedicated to the Telephone Hour." The juxtaposition of the song's title and the radio program brought some laughter, as well as general mystification. It turned out later that Miss Teyte was recalling the beginning of what she considers her "second career" in this country when her first broadcast on the Telephone Hour opened with this same Berlioz song. In any case, she sang it with remarkable precision and complete expressiveness. Then she went on to the first item of the printed program, the "Letter Scene" from "Werther" (only a part of it) which was more intent than accomplishment, rather strident in sound but very artistic. The remainder was as noted above. Let us hope that if she returns she will be as able to do herself justice, while utilizing the able George Reeves at the piano again.

The Piano Concerto of Everett Helm, which Dimitri Mitropoulos presented for the first time in America at a recent concert of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall, had the kind of reception that is, perhaps, traditional with new concertos. It didn't often sound enough like anything else in the literature to be immediately welcomed, and where it did it was thrust aside as being derivative.

For me, it conveyed a sense of honest intent, serious purpose, and substantial musical craftsmanship, while lacking the tendency to shock-effect all too common in most writing of the sort. I can't say that Helm commands a particularly distinctive melodic line, but he has some interesting ideas of harmonic coloration within a discipline of tonality that promises well for his future. Also he writes persuasively for the piano, in pianistic terms, and weaves his instruments together in a way to make a pattern rather than a conflict.

Helm was more than fortunate in his interpreters, for Leonid Hambro was a thoroughly assured performer of the solo part, and the Mitropoulos direction of the orchestral score was typical of his special abilities. It seemed, too, that there was more of warmth and vibrato in the playing of the strings than is customary with this conductor, but this may have been only an illusion. In any case, Hambro's precise, well-shaded performance won an approving round of applause from his orchestral colleagues.

The Philadelphia Orchestra concluded its year's work in New York earlier in the same week with a Brahms program directed by Eugene Ormandy. It is something of a question, under such circumstances, whether one is hearing Brahms played by the virtuoso orchestra or the virtuoso orchestra showing off its manifold attributes in terms of a series of difficulties—acoustical only, since this group knows no technical terrors—arranged by Brahms. The colorations were, in every respect, impressive. I am not convinced, however, that all belonged where they were applied.

The soloist of this program was William Warfield, singing the four "Serious Songs," orchestrally accompanied. This, too, made for a wonderful texture of sound and a degree of musical purpose that did credit to all involved. Warfield's powers are all to the advantage of such a work, which he may, one day, sing very well. On this day, it all seemed too much a part of a chess player's pattern of gambits and moves, lacking the free flow of impulse that makes a real musical experience. There are, however, few male singers now active who could have surpassed Warfield's accomplishment.

Lured, perhaps, by the likeness of the name to that of Severin Eisenberg, a pianist of admirable abilities but no particular celebrity in the late Thirties, I went recently to hear the Carnegie Hall debut of Severin Turel, a Polish pianist who now makes his home in Detroit. Turel is a man of middle years with considerable concert experience in Europe. His playing of Chopin (the B minor sonata, Opus 35, as well as various short pieces) attested to the experience but also to some peculiarities of tempo, accent, and of accuracy which were not musically rewarding. The program also included various compositions of his own ("Sketches," "Preludes," and a "Polish Rhapsody").

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—SR *Drawing by Sotomayor.*

Dimitri Mitropoulos.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Some Plans for Sodas, Money, and Rolling Your Own

BEFORE YOU CAN SPELL Constantinople the Hilton people will have a tidy new inn tucked away among the mosques on a site overlooking the Bosporus, and we have had a chat with some of the Turks who will run the place.

Assistant managers, executive housekeepers, telephone supervisers, and laundry managers have all been bouncing around the United States learning how things are done in Hilton hotels. Many of them speak fluent English, we were assured, and firm in this belief we went to see Ahmet Edman, who will run the soda fountain in the new Istanbul Hilton.

"Sodass very nice, beautiful also," Ahmet told us with clarity if not fluency. Now a Turkish citizen, Ahmet was born in Yugoslavia, studied in Vienna, which has many institutes of learning, and at Howard Johnson's, which has twenty-eight flavors of ice cream. The soda fountain in the Hilton will be the first in Turkey. "This is something in Europe no have it like that," Ahmet explained.

"Have ice cream, but no for each people different flavor, like peppermints ice cream, botta pecanss, moka cheep, chocolate cheep. You make it coffee ice cream also, maybe walnuts ice cream." After working in several American cities and at New York's Waldorf and Roosevelt Hotels, not to mention the Howard Johnson chain, Ahmet has come to suspect a regional difference in American soda tastes. "You have in Chicago the people that they like it the Coke and the ice cream soda. In Washington the people who like the root beer soda. Everyone who likes different. Even chocolate syrup and in the meantime the Coke syrup together." The adherents of this latter amalgam generally come from Washington or New York, Ahmet has noticed. When the Istanbul Hilton opens this fall and Ahmet is behind the gleaming fountain dispensing sodas to American tourists, he will match guests with regional preferences. It's part of the Hilton service.

The Istanbul Hilton will be a modern rectangle, ten stories high, with 300 rooms, most with terraces. It is high on a promontory, and from the pavillion on its roof there is a view of the mosques and the water. In the fifteen-acre estate in which it stands there will be tennis courts, an open-air pool, and a terrace for dancing under the Turkish crescent.

Almost all members of the executive staff have college educations, and Faik Bercavi, the night-manager-to-be is the author of ten books, including four novels and two studies of the Islamic religion. What has astounded Bercavi about the United States is the number of people who work in each hotel. While manager of the Ipek-Palace, which he assured us was not the best in Istanbul although well inside the luxury category, Bercavi employed one dexterous individual who handled registrations, reservations, accounts, spoke ten languages and was also captain of the bellboys. "Now at Hilton we have special man for ice cream sodass," he said taking a long look at Ahmet.

"When I go Istanbul I make exactly same food as American," Ahmet said smiling. "You have hamburger, grilled cheese sandwich. Also Broadvay soda. For breakwast, scrombled eggs, turnover eggs. Everyone he feels over there like in the home."

Bercavi, the scholar, reminded Ahmet that there were also Turkish delights. Some travelers might like to try such local dishes as *shish kebab* and *döner kebab*. We asked about *döner kebab* and Ahmet said, "Turn meat over carbon fire. When is ready one part, cut with knife very din. Turn some more. Is so good taste everybody like that and is very light for stomach." Bercavi was pleased. He reminded Ahmet that there was also *yogurtlu kebab*. Ahmet said, "Bread comes down first. Then comes down this meat. Then comes down the yogurt. Then on top, what kind of sauce they like, the people."

The favorite Turkish dessert is *tavuk gögsü*, we learned, which is breast of chicken. Now, admittedly breast of chicken seems like a peculiar thing for dessert, especially in Turkey, but the boys explained that the chicken is pulverized until it is like thread. Ahmet took over, "You make it like to make some custard, but is not custard, is different thing. Mix together with milk. Make very din. Is taste beautiful. When you taste this you feel so happy. Is something new. Is so beautiful. Is look like custard. Is look so nice. Some people put on top the ice cream. I think Americans like too much the milk dessert. Americans like the rice pudding. Also pudding without the rice."

The combination of Turkish and American ideas is expected to create a new standard for hotels in Turkey.

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No one has been studying more diligently the possibilities of blending the East and the West. If Ahmet has his way they will come together in a new kind of ice cream soda. Says he: "We will make ice cream from *sakiz*. *Sakiz* come from Greek island. Is like schwooing gum, but not like schwooing gum. Is like fruit. Is nut. Very good smell, like schwooing gum. We will have *sakizli* ice cream sodass. Is like wanilla color. Tastes so good. Is so beautiful."

THE ANNOUNCEMENT THE OTHER DAY by Pan American Airways that it will henceforth sell tours all over the world on the instalment plan has had us a little unnerved. We understand how a piano can be collected for non-payment of instalments, but we were at a loss to determine how a finance company goes about retrieving three weeks on the French Riviera. Also, you can always change your mind about the piano and send the ruddy thing back. But suppose your two weeks in sunny Bechuanaland resulted in two weeks of rain, a bout of scurvy, and an invasion of tsetse flies. How do you feel about paying for it over the next two years?

Said Mr. John Muhlfeld, sales manager of Pan American, "We hope this plan will do for us what it did for the automobile industry. Fifty-three per cent of all automobiles in the United States are bought on time. Only one-half of one per cent is uncollectable.

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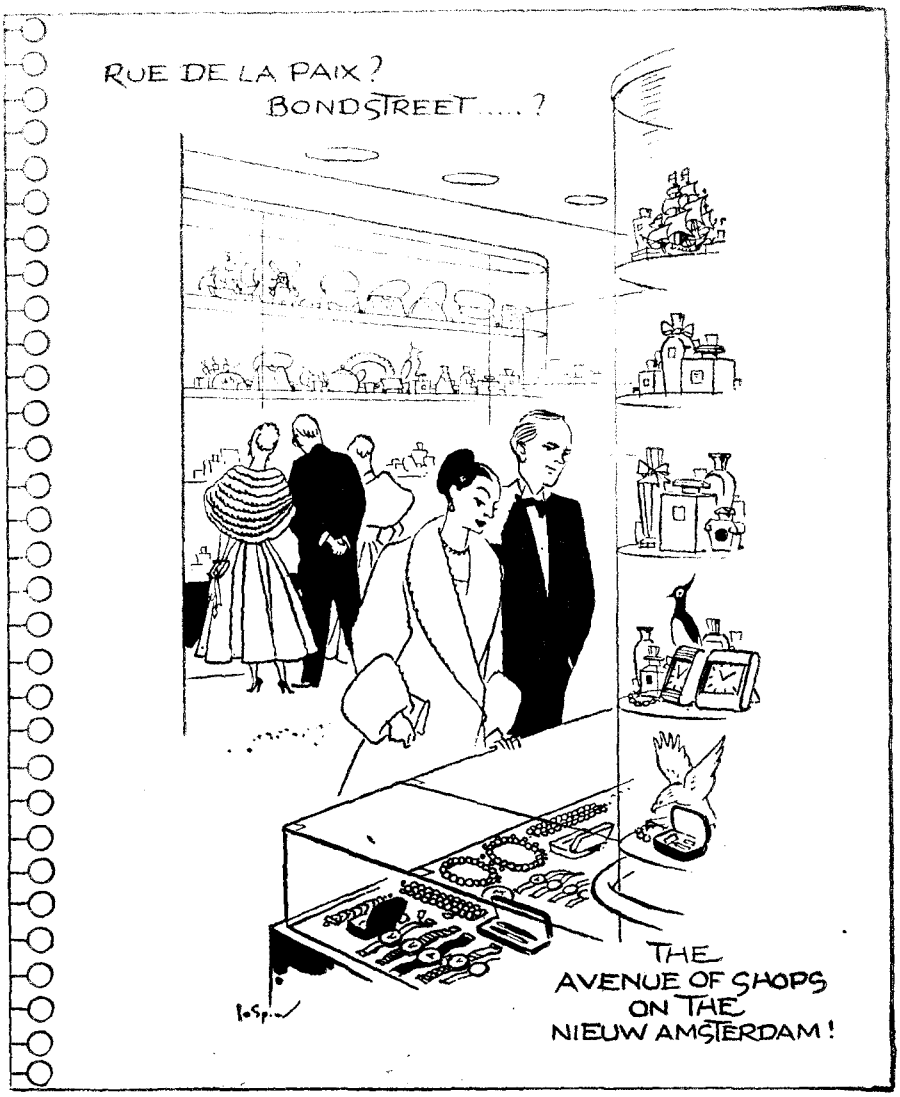
An application for instalment plan travel can be made out in four minutes flat and if necessary can be processed in twenty-four hours if the applicant lives in a city where Pan American has an office. Otherwise it will take about four days. The average person, say, a secretary earning $300 a month, would be eligible for a two-week trip to Europe. A school teacher could sign up in the fall and be fairly well paid up by the time her summer vacation rolled around.

Pan-Am's loan will cover not only transportation across the ocean, but hotels, sightseeing, and everything but personal expenses. The new scheme offers a national instalment plan at the point of sale, hitherto unavailable. Banks, for example, may only offer loans within their own city. A check at the National City Bank of New York turned up the intelligence that



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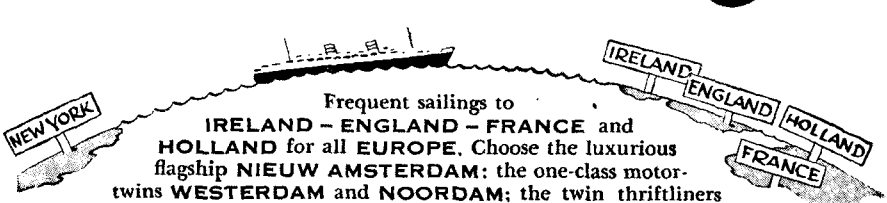

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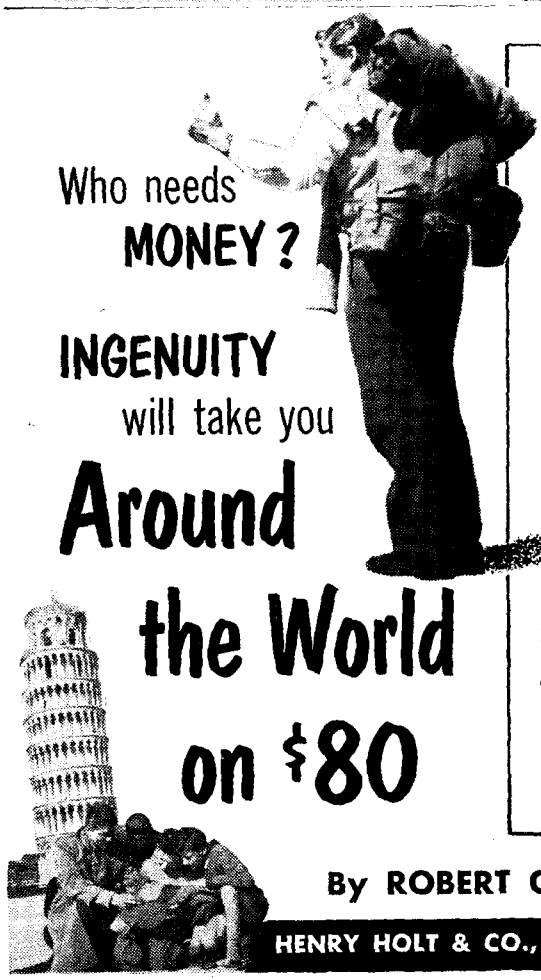

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As for travel loans, however, the advantage of the Pan American plan, which will undoubtedly be followed by other airlines, is that it offers a packaged loan right at the airline ticket window or the travel agent's office. Last year American Express estimated that Americans spent a billion dollars abroad. Muhlfeld thinks the potential is somewhere around two billion, 300 million dollars now that Americans can see the world now and pay later.

NOT ONLY WILL TRAVELERS be free of carrying their own charges, they will also be unencumbered of carrying their own baggage when no porters are in sight. Both the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central are trying out luggage carts in Boston and Pittsburgh. Instead of paying a porter twenty-five cents a bag, which in the eyes of this department is an exorbitant charge anyhow, travelers will now drop a quarter in a rack and extract a cart which will carry three or four pieces of luggage. Upon reaching the train or the street the cart can be placed back in a rack which will automatically return one thin dime. We suspect that a number of mechanically inept, time-pressed passengers will just leave the cart on the platform and hurry to catch the train. We also suspect that some people will walk the cart out of the terminal and straight home. Since this does not worry the Pennsylvania Railroad nor the New York Central, maybe we are the suspicious type.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Ideas

Continued from page 32

and after that in England. In some way I think a woman would get the best of both worlds."

What were his religious views? His father was a clergyman in the Church of England, and in earlier years he had himself a voracious appetite for theology. In the end it seems to have turned his stomach. Retaining a lively sense of the mystery and infinity of the world, he came to think that traditional theology had made it a smaller and meaner place. "The trouble comes from intellectualizing upon a religion. Jesus was not very intellectual; what he had was a profound insight." "The trouble with the Bible has been its interpreters, who have scaled and whittled down that sense of infinitude . . . and the first interpreter of the New Testament was the worst, Paul." "It is a great pity that Erasmus was not a stronger character. His ideas were the right ones . . . but he lacked the force; and the matter fell into the hands of Luther and Calvin, who made a fearful botch of it." "It would be impossible to imagine anything more un-Christlike than

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD, one of the outstanding mathematicians and philosophers of the twentieth century, was born in Ramsgate, England in 1861 and died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1947. He was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1884, and went on from there to win honorary doctorates and awards on two continents. At first a lecturer on mathematics and later a professor of applied mathematics, he came to Harvard in 1924 as a professor of philosophy. Like Bertrand Russell, Professor Whitehead at the outset regarded philosophy in the terms of mathematics, using symbols as a means of expression. He called his philosophy the philosophy of organism. He was regarded as fundamentally and deeply religious, something of a natural mystic, a philosopher to whom mathematics was the alphabet of divinity. The nature of his material and his adoption of many new technical terms gave his works a touch of abstruseness. Hardly a decade went by between the Eighteen Nineties and his death that Professor Whitehead did not publish a book, possibly his best known one of a non-technical nature being "Science and the Modern World" (1925).

[illegible] These [illegible] be received [illegible] Cambridge physicists [illegible] disciples assumed to be final, he saw them all go down the drain in the early 1900's, and he had as little use for finalities in science as in religion. "Sceptics and believers are all alike. At this moment scientists and sceptics are the leading dogmatists." Considering how much of his life had been devoted to science, it is curious how little it entered into his talk; it is as if he had tired of the aridities of mathematical physics and preferred to let his mind rest on art and history, on literature and speculation; indeed, in one place he announces that "apart from beauty, truth is neither good nor bad," which, with all respect, is nonsense. He loved music, and liked to talk about it, but talk about music is seldom illuminating, and I cannot say that even Whitehead has given us an exception to the rule. He liked, too, to talk about great persons of the past. Among these there is one —only one so far as I recall—to whom he recurs with uniform reverence. That is the one he described as "the greatest mind ever produced by Western man, Plato."

Mr. Price says his book has "something to annoy everybody." So it does. But differ as one occasionally must from Whitehead, one cannot withhold admiration from this wise old man who, an alien and with a hotel apartment as his only home, gave so convincing an example of "what it means to be a philosopher, to have made friends with the enemy, and to have domesticated the infinite in one's own soul."

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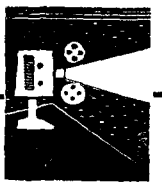

IDEAS ON FILM

Chicago Get-Together

LAST month the first American Film Assembly took place in Chicago's Conrad Hilton Hotel, under the sponsorship of the Film Council of America. What it amounted to, in quantitative terms, was a three-day meeting of hundreds of film enthusiasts, the screening of hundreds of 16mm films, and awards of recognition to several dozen films in subject categories. Qualitatively, the American Film Assembly is more difficult to assess. Reactions of those who attended have ranged from ultra-enthusiastic to interested to lukewarm to downright antagonistic. My own reaction is somewhat complicated by the fact that, while I am largely an outside observer and commentator of the events that took place, I am also a member (part-time) of the Film Council's Editorial Board, a well-wisher, and in fact an ardent supporter of the film council movement since its inception in 1946.

One thing is indisputable—an amazing amount of planning and preparation went into this first American Film Assembly. I arrived in Chicago on the evening before a last-minute scheduling of pre-registration film showings, and I was literally overwhelmed by the buzz of activity which the FCA staff was engaged in. But before I give you my comments about the Assembly, let me explain as briefly and factually as I can what it was all about.

A welcoming statement in the handsomely printed program set the stage. "American film enthusiasts share one common bond. . . . They believe that films are a vital communications link in a democracy that lives on intercommunication. And they deeply appreciate those films that succeed in living up to this high calling, no matter what the mode or the intended audience. In short, 16mm is not a film width; it is a state of mind." The specific purpose of the American Film Assembly, the program stated, was to provide an annual meeting ground for this "fraternity of film enthusiasts."

The showing of many of this past year's 16mm releases was intended, good and bad alike, among other things, to provide film sponsors, producers, distributors, and community leaders of all kinds with "a rich background for the discussion and exchange of ideas, the satisfaction of mutual needs, and the projection of cooperative plans for the promotion of the field as a whole." In this I feel it has been notably successful.

Activities began with an all-day pre-registration showing of films in "overflow" categories, as well as briefing sessions for judges, an FCA board of directors meeting, and some preliminary group sessions.

On April 1, the first day of regularly scheduled events, films were shown simultaneously, morning and evening, in twelve categories. The evening screenings were open to the public. The screening rooms were scattered around the hotel, from the second to the twenty-sixth floor. The opening session luncheon drew several hundred who heard Gilbert Seldes talk about meeting the minority interests of the Great Audience.

In the afternoon of this first day, five discussion sessions took place simultaneously. The first was listed as "Producers, Sponsors, and Distributors Meeting," chaired by FCA's President Paul Wagner to elicit ideas on how the American Film Assembly could better serve these interests in future. The Film Society Caucus, was chaired by Art Assum, president of the Roosevelt College Film Society, and attracted fifty or sixty people. They heard a roster of speakers that included Margareta Akermark (Museum of Modern Art), Andries Deinum (University of Southern California), Amos Vogel (Cinema 16), Jack Ellis (Film Council of America), Mrs. Robert J. Flaherty (Flaherty Foundation), and this reviewer.

A third meeting, on the "Distribution and Use of Films in Organization Programs," was chaired by Robert Disraeli, film director of the American Jewish Committee, with Mrs. Esther Brunauer, an assistant director of FCA, acting as moderator. Panel speakers at this meeting included Hayes Beall (Cooperative League), Kathryn Linden (Film Service of the American Nurses Association and the National League for Nursing), Mrs. Martha Coe (Girl Scouts of the USA), Margaret Monroe (director of the American Heritage Project of the American Library Association), and L. Robert Oaks (National Assn. of Manufacturers).

At the same time a meeting of representatives of professional film organizations was being chaired by Mrs. Helen Rachford, director of the Los Angeles County Division of Audio-Visual Education and retiring chairman of the FCA board of directors. Finally, on the first afternoon of the first American Film Assembly, H. A. Tollefson, associate director of the Film Council of America, met with librarians who are participating, or wish to participate, in FCA's Preview Center Project, a subsidized arrangement by which 16mm films are "bicycled" for preview purposes from one community to another, in circuit style.

On Friday, April 2, film screenings for judges and registered spectators were continued in the morning and afternoon. At 7:30 the Golden Reel Award Banquet got under way in the hotel's Grand Ballroom. Dr. A. W. Trueman, the new chairman of Canada's National Film Board, was guest speaker. Comedy interlude and music were provided by George Gobel and a five-piece band. Plaques were presented by Dr. Wagner to producers, sponsors, or distributors of the top winning films, with certificates of merit going to the two runners-up in each of the twelve categories.

The following day, at the Palmer House, there was an all-day screening of these winners, while still at the Conrad Hilton last-minute sessions of the Preview Center Meeting and the Film Society Caucus were going on.

The mere organization of the Assembly was a gargantuan undertaking, with something like forty projectors and twenty projectionists showing an estimated half million feet of film. For the overall execution of the thousands of details which were involved, the thirty-odd members of the FCA staff have earned praise and applause. Particular credit should be given to Associate Director Tom Noone who, with the help of his assistant Gus Giordano, saw to it that everything moved along at the proper speed. It was an event that quite obviously involved months of preparation, frenzied anticipation, restless days and sleepless nights.

IF THE staff was overworked, the public was treated rather royally—with an overwhelming number of films to see, meetings to attend, gatherings here and there. My experience (shared similarly by Herbert Farmer and Andries Deinum of the University of Southern California) was a more successful blending of duties to perform and freedom to enjoy other people's work. On the first day of the Assembly I supervised the judging of the two screening sessions of safety films, which involved meeting and instructing the fifteen judges of that category, seeing that the projectionist stayed on schedule, that votes were handed in

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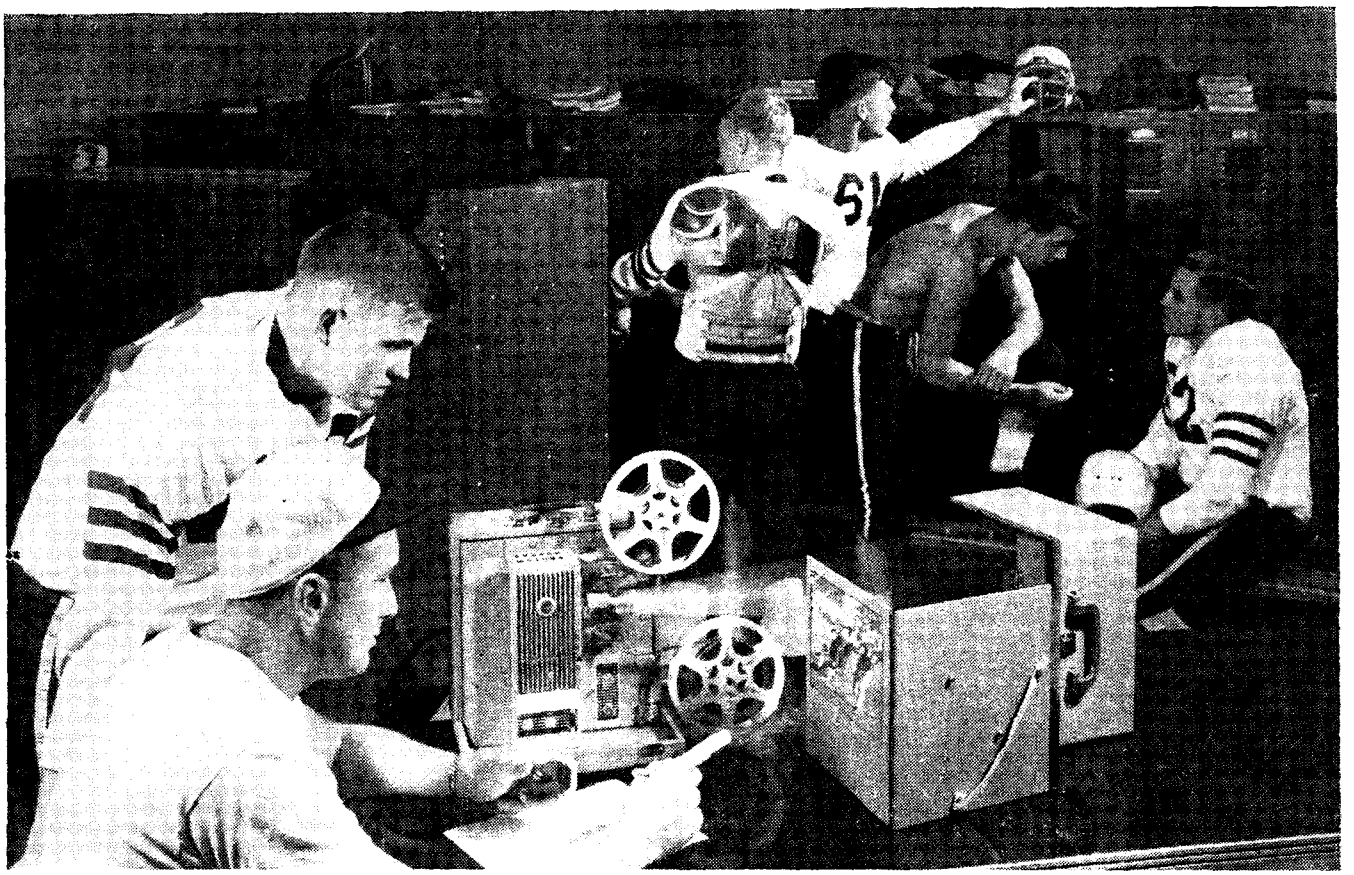

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and sent off to be tabulated, questions answered, and the like. I also attended some of the staff meetings, heard and participated in the discussions of problems that had arisen and possible methods of solving them. I participated as panel speaker at two meetings—in one case representing my views as an *SR* critic and in another offering suggestions for methods of bringing closer harmony between FCA and other recognized film groups in the country.

For those who won't go to a party unless prizes are to be given, the Golden Reel Awards were a prime incentive. With a number of kinks yet to be ironed out of the system by which categories are established, films entered, judges registered, and votes made, the prize-giving was the most controversial aspect of the Assembly. *Business Screen Magazine* made an all-out attack on the system of selecting films and judges—an attack which was obviously written in haste and heat, but which nevertheless contains many valid ideas shared by many experienced film leaders. The problem of judging and prize-giving, however, is a complex one—and one which I mean to take up more fully in next month's article.

It is apparent that FCA's hope in giving awards is to create a bit of a stir, to provide grounds for public concern about the merits of our 16mm films. This is a big country, and we do sometimes have to put on an "act" to get the attention we are sure we deserve. On the other hand, it is also apparent that nothing is to be gained *by anyone* if the Golden Reel Award becomes a symbol of mediocrity or cuteness.

In the intangible areas, rewards were much less questionable. The Film Society Caucus, for example, had promised to be as hectic and directionless as ever gathered in one room. And so it was, in its first session. But by the end of the three days, a real feeling of fraternal concern was shown by all who attended the meetings. The group, representing fourteen free-floating film societies across the country, appointed three committees to continue the meetings in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. The purpose is to work toward an organization of federated film societies, to be inaugurated at next year's American Film Assembly, if possible. Enthusiasm was shown for such an organization, and more important, for the belief that it could be accomplished.

I too left the first American Film Assembly with a feeling of enthusiasm for what can be accomplished. But for definite proof we shall have to wait and see. —CECILE STARR.

The Film Forum

THREE WAYS TO ART | *The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm Sound Films*

ANALOGIES #1 *(9 min., color). Distributed for rental and purchase by Film Images, Inc., 18 East 60th St., New York 21, N. Y.*

James Davis is an artist who six years ago abandoned painting and sculpture in order to make *motion* pictures. His earliest films were records of the moving color-light patterns he had created with special mobile-type plastics. In "Analogies #1" he compares fantastic forms in nature with his own invented abstractions.

The film is fairly evenly divided into two sections. In the first are wonderful images of trees, clouds, houses, and other objects—reflected in the unquiet surfaces of water in streams, canals, and lakes near Princeton, N. J., where Davis works. The second portion of "Analogies" introduces Davis's abstract variations in color, form, and movement. "The abstract artist *cannot* improve on nature," Davis recently wrote. "What he does at best can only be in sympathy with nature's principles—and show what he has learned in a small way from nature's vast and infinite variety."

"Analogies #1" is an exceedingly handsome film and goes far beyond the range of the "experimental." Its sharp, clear photography is thoroughly professional. Its colors are subtle and rich, with a sequence of blue-beige-brown patterns that equal the tone of a Braque. Its musical accompaniment is exceptionally lively and appropriate.

It is indeed a pleasant surprise that this film, which in every sense of the word is an "independent" work of art, has also enough immediate appeal to be awarded a Recognition of Merit (third place) in the American Film Assembly's showing of over twenty-five films in the Graphic and Visual Arts category.

"Analogies #1," incidentally, is dedicated to Miss Rosalind Kossoff, director of Film Images (formerly A.F. Films) which has handled the release of twelve of Jim Davis's productions. To my knowledge it is the first time that a 16mm film has carried an on-screen dedication to an individual. In this instance it indicates direction-giving assistance between producer and distributor, which in a few notable cases has similarly existed between creative writer and publisher. I like the film so well I would have voted it a first place, at least among the three leading titles.

HENRY MOORE *(26 min.). Distributed for rental and purchase by the British Information Service, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.*

Second place in the Assembly's awards in the arts category was taken by this black-and-white film about the British sculptor, his method of working, and his artistic philosophy. Moore has been made famous in this country through the medium of hundreds of cartoons and caricatures which concern the hollows and loops in his abstract work.

A review by Helen Franc printed last year in the *Magazine of Art* points out that the film was a by-product of the 1951 Festival of Britain, made expressly for televising in England. This explains why such lengthy attention is given to the creation of a bronze statue for the Festival grounds—and why the film lacks the cinematic form that might have been achieved if the aims had been more penetrating.

Nevertheless it is an absorbing film. Moore is fascinating to listen to, to watch, to think about. The sculptor's own contribution to the film (he appears in it briefly) is of considerably greater consequence than that of the filmmakers.

MARTIN AND GASTON *(11 min.). Distributed for rental and distribution by Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.*

By means of cut-out animation, some clever Frenchman has taken a series of children's drawings and made them into a new kind of moving picture cartoon. "Martin and Gaston" has an English (with French accent) narration, telling the story of two boys who go to sea, get shipwrecked, and narrowly escape being cooked and eaten by a cannibal tribe.

The film captured top place in the arts category at the American Film Assembly. I must add that not only in my judgment, but also in the opinion of a number of judges who voted for these films, "Martin and Gaston" is little more than cute and clever. It is a film which must surely have been more fun to make than it is to look at. It was directed by Henry Gruel, and is released here by George K. Arthur.

AMONG OTHER FILMS shown in the arts category at the American Film Assembly were these which already have been reviewed in the *Saturday Review*: "Braque" and "Toulouse-Lautrec" (Jan. 9, 1954), "Conspiracy in Kyoto" (Sept. 12, 1953), "Varley" (Aug. 8, 1953), "Jazz of Lights" and "Waiting" (March 13, 1954).

The Italian film "Il Demoniaco Nell'Arte" was reviewed in *SR* April 28, 1951. An American version of this film, with narration written by Arthur Knight, is now distributed for rental and purchase by Contemporary Films, 13 East 37 St., New York 17, N. Y. Most of the film's pictorial content is taken from the fantasy paintings of Peter Breughel. —C. S.

Further information about these films can be obtained by addressing the 16mm Film Editor, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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THE FINE ARTS

Edward VII's Americans

—*The Art Institute of Chicago*

Sargent's "The Pailleron Children"—"flair for psychological interpretation."

A FINE museum publication has come to hand. This is Frederick A. Sweet's "Sargent, Whistler, and Mary Cassatt" ($1.50), a catalogue of the exhibition of the three famous American expatriates which was assembled by the Art Institute of Chicago and is currently on display at New York's Metropolitan Museum. The Art Institute catalogue, with its succinct notes, is in certain ways more impressive than the show it describes, though I gather from friends that the exhibition looked better at Chicago, being smaller and more carefully arranged. By adding material from its own collections, the Metropolitan has crowded the rooms devoted to the graphic arts. Moreover, the wall colors in some of the large painting galleries are inexplicable.

The dark horse of the exhibition, as Mr. Sweet and other critics have pointed out, is Sargent, once the god of international society and later condemned as facile and shallow, partly because he long outlived his gifts. Some of his pictures, of course, have never lost their fascination, even when respect for Edwardian elegance has been at low ebb. The Metropolitan's celebrated "Madame X," for example, is an unforgettable document of feminine charm and sexual vitality—cheesecake, if you like, but cheesecake of a sublime order. The subject of the picture was a Frenchwoman; she couldn't conceivably have been anything else. Her figure is French, her profile is French, her vivacity is French. Compare her portrait with that of Mrs. Isaac Newton Phelps Stokes (whose husband proved more interesting to Sargent than her Great Dane and hence stands beside her in Fido's place), compare it with the portraits of the Countess of Lathom or of Lady Playfair, and it becomes clear at once why the athletic freshness of the celebrated Anglo-Saxon beauties was no match for Madame X.'s sultrier, indoor charms.

Sargent's flair for psychological interpretation was remarkable at its best, as in his portraits of Mrs. Charles Gifford Dyer, the Pailleron children, and of Violet Paget, who preferred to be known by the manly name of Vernon Lee, for reasons needing no elucidation beyond that given in Sargent's incisive portrait. On the other hand, Sargent failed repeatedly in pictures wherein no human equation between artist and subject was involved. He was not a good enough painter to bring mere stuff alive: his velvets, silks, and brocades are often flimsy and cold, as though he had misread his hero Velasquez. A number of his contemporaries could have done a better job than he with little Marie Louise Pailleron's dress (see illustration). But the child's staring eyes are hypnotic, and we are made aware of a curious, dramatic tension between her and her languorous brother, so that Mr. Sweet's reference to the children in "The Turn of the Screw" seems appropriate. Lacking this sort of human drama, as he did in painting landscapes and slick watercolors of picturesque subjects, Sargent becomes an unconvincing fibber. But give him the confident solemnity of Mrs. Asher Wertheimer to penetrate and record, and he becomes an artist. Not a very great artist perhaps, yet a far more considerable one than his detractors, sometimes motivated by social prejudices, would have us believe.

THE reputation of Whistler, like that of Sargent, has regained much of its glitter in recent years, and from the current exhibition he emerges, I think, as the best and certainly the most individual of the three artists shown. Mr. Sweet points out that his public fame suffered from the decline of interest in etching, a medium to which Whistler devoted much of his time. The statement is true as applied to the years immediately following the painter's death in 1903. But Mr. Sweet fails to add that more recently there has been an extraordinary revival in print-making, with many of the leading older and younger artists working enthusiastically as etchers. It is tempting to think that the medium's renewed vitality has had something to do with Whistler's resuscitation. The fact is, however, that our era's finest artists are no more interested in Whistler's plates than they ever were, in all probability considering them overliteral, wan, and dominated by atmospheric effects on which the strongest twentieth-century draftsmen have turned their backs for the most part.

As a painter, though, Whistler might have meaning for some of the newer American artists. One wonders whether any of his young countrymen, eager to desert pure abstraction for tonal subtleties at the service of human content, find passages to admire in his best canvases. They well might. Pictures like "The Fur Jacket" and the portraits of Arthur Jerome Eddy and Mme. Camille D'Avouille are exceptionally lyric and

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vivid images. The "Butterfly," as he liked to think of himself, had magic in his hands when inspired, and it may be that only his excessively literary renown deprives him of a more attentive audience within his own profession. His wit, dandyism, and legal tribulations are still so legendary that it is difficult to judge him fairly, and London fame for an American painter is especially offensive to the iconoclasts among our contemporary artists. Yet possibly the very young are no longer as troubled by such matters as those of us who grew up with Whistler's name as a household word. There were a number of art students at the Metropolitan show the day I was there. Some of them stood respectfully before the "Portrait of the Artist's Mother," apparently forgetting its insurance value and sorry conversion into a postage stamp, remembering instead that it was a daringly abstract composition for 1871, just as Sargent's "Daughters of Edward Darley Boit," painted eleven years later, was a daringly informal composition for its time.

Personally, I have such respect for Mary Cassatt as a force in American art that it is downright painful to report that her section of the Metropolitan show seemed to me rather cloying. As noted before in this column, Cassatt differed from expatriates like Whistler and Sargent in that she stood up to the toughest competition her era could provide, working in Paris, the world center of nineteenth-century painting, rather than in peripheral London. A woman and a refugee from a relatively new country, she nevertheless commanded the respect of no less a figure than Degas. With him at her elbow, she became a fine draftsman and a compositional designer of enviable talent, particularly in her color prints. Her technical mastery in such pictures as "La Loge," "Reading *Le Figaro*," "In the Garden," and the Wichita Museum's "Mother and Child" is beyond dispute. She absorbed in succession and with great sensitivity the prevailing trends in *avant-garde* Parisian art and gave them the stamp of her own personality. Why is it, then, that one tends to hurry on through her galleries, to feel that half as many pictures would have been enough? Perhaps in some curious sense she was too professional an artist, too cautious, too disciplined in taste, as if the immense, brave effort of holding to her French colleagues' level drained her inner temperament. At any rate, for me at least, it was a relief to leave behind her unfailing excellence for Whistler's and Sargent's more heady successes and blunders. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

Jewels of the Floodlands

"Early Netherlandish Painting," by Erwin Panofsky *(Harvard University Press. 2 vols., 573 pp. 334 plates. $35), which illustrates and analyzes one of painting's richest periods, is the fruit of half a century of study by a distinguished art historian. Harry Bober, our reviewer, is assistant professor of fine arts at Harvard.*

By Harry Bober

EASILY the most brilliant among living historians of art, Erwin Panofsky has yet another distinction, of greatest rarity among scholars—he writes beautifully. "Early Netherlandish Painting," his finest work in some forty years of extraordinary production, must be reckoned a masterpiece. He offers us, as none other could, a banquet for the gourmet and a feast for any man with healthy intellectual appetite. With incredible mastery his book subsumes all scholarship of our half century of intensive interest in the subject and establishes a new point of departure for all future studies.

In the resplendent constellation of early Flemish painting he singles out stars of the first magnitude for central focus: the Master of Flémalle, Hubert and Jan van Eyck, and Roger van der Weyden. So closely and blindingly intermingled is the brightness of their light that to distinguish between them demands the full range of Panofsky's gifts in stylistic, iconographic, and historical analysis; the results are worthy of the man. But you must read for yourself of the Master of Flémalle, whose plastically aggressive convictions so marvelously communicate the "tension between reality and fantasy."

The subtlety and sensitivity of stylistic penetration reaches its height in the writing about Jan van Eyck—that magical amber preserving recreated life. Roger van der Weyden, who "felt and expressed emotions and sensations—mostly of a bitter or bittersweet nature—that no painter had ever recaptured," makes the third party of this central triad.

The epilogue constitutes further climaxes, in which "The Heritage of the Founders" is carried to the close of the fifteenth century in such personalities as Petrus Christus, Jan's "successor in business," who could be so "deceptively Eyckian"; Geertgen tot Sint Jans, who could "make us smile while melting our hearts"; Hugo van der Goes, the taut and disturbed world of that first "melancholy genius"; the sweet Memling, who "occasionally enchants, never offends, never overwhelms." The book closes on a note of suspense (the enigma of Jerome Bosch's "magnifi-

—*From "Early Netherlandish Painting."*

Roger van der Weyden: Detail, "Last Judgment" Altarpiece.

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cent nightmares and daydreams") and a parting wink of Panofsky's—"this, too high for my wit. I prefer to omit."

HE ESCHEWS the purposeless ambition of pinpointing a founder or founders of the great new school of Flemish painting. Not only does he make clear the interdependence of the first masters, but also the elements of their indebtedness to antecedent tradition and the fertilizing cross-currents flowing between Italy and the North. For the first time we now have a sound and cogent picture of the regional schools of manuscript painting in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the indispensable historical orientation for understanding the new style and the masters. Hitherto this background, if considered at all, has been given in scattered fragments, blurred, vague, and often inaccurate. Nor is this background given exaggerated importance, however remarkable the accomplishment of defining it: "If the indigenous tradition did not provide the seeds for the great Flemings' garden, it did provide its soil." In that soil are many masters, the beauties and wonders of whose works will dazzle newcomers to the subject: The Boucicaut Master, "the most brilliant genius of pre-Eyckian painting," "prophet of a new era and the thaumaturge of glittering refinement"; "the magnificent barbarian," the Rohan Master, "unsurpassed in power of imagination and feeling"; Jean Pucelle, "no less important in the development of painting in the North than were Giotto and Duccio in the development of painting in Italy," and many others.

We are fortunate, too, that by way of introduction this book has occasioned the re-presentation of Panofsky's "Die Perspektive als 'Symbolische Form'," making available in English this fundamental study of some thirty years ago.

In many other respects this is a history-making book. It is a milestone in the history of the Norton Lectures, in that the original lectures have been allowed to grow to the deserving full stature of a monumental work of scholarship. It is a milestone in book-making by the Harvard University Press, for the handsome printing and fine plates place that press in the class of top art-publishers. Panofsky's system of footnotes is indeed like the "egg of Columbus"—an embarrassingly neat solution to the necessary, but hitherto always cumbersome, apparatus. If the price looks staggering just remember that you are, in effect, acquiring a library (plus over 350 plates), and not a mere book. Besides, it makes practically obsolete most other books in this field. Congratulations all around!

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NATIONALITY Korean

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-Ha Sang Nak, Plan field worker.

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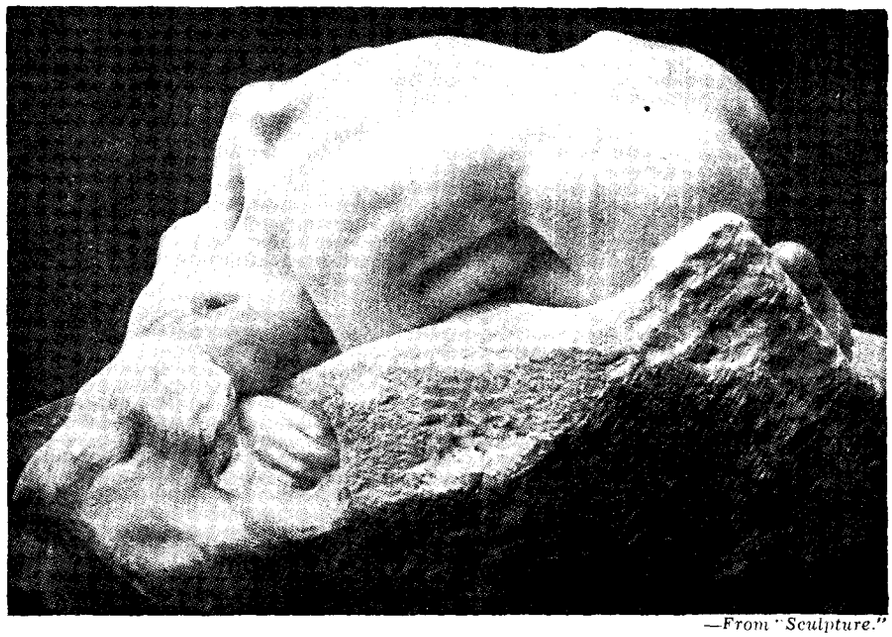

—From "Sculpture."

Rodin's "Danaid"—"geometrically analyzable design is the *sine qua non* of sculpture."

The Stone That Lives

"Sculpture: Theme and Variations," by E. H. Ramsden *(British Book Centre. 56 pp. 103 plates. $8), is an attempt to chart the esthetic course of sculpture, particularly in our own century. Belle Krasne, who reviews it here, formerly was editor of the* Art Digest.

By Belle Krasne

WELL into this century, sculpture was considered a mortuary, if not a dead, art, which may account for the paucity of books on the subject. But in recent years, since the field has become prodigiously active, there have been more attempts at shaping an esthetic of contemporary sculpture. An effort in this direction, though not a satisfactory one, is E. H. Ramsden's "Sculpture: Theme and Variations," a theoretical presentation of the course of sculpture, with emphasis on this century.

Briefly, the argument of this book suggests that (1) sculpture, an expression of man's "will-to-form," has finally been liberated from its historic role as a subsidiary art; (2) the genius of the sculptor—his intellect plus his intuition—makes valid any of a bewildering variety of possible forms; (3) the sculptor is not concerned with appearances but with penetration of reality—*i.e.*, with problems of pure esthetics; and (4) the processes and aims of sculpture today correspond to those of scientists.

On the first two points, Miss Ramsden is generally astute; credit her with having a profound respect for the mystique of the esthetic process. On points three and four, the weaknesses of her analysis develop. To begin with, her material is difficult, and her unfelicitous style of writing does nothing to illuminate it. What is more troublesome, however, is her synthetic approach: she makes extravagant use of quotations (I counted 264 in her 52-page, double-column text), though nowhere does she quote Malraux or, for that matter, Worringer, to whom she is indebted for the "will-to-form" concept; and she adapts a variety of traditional modes of thought to contemporary modes of form which are not amenable to esthetic criteria of the past.

When I suggest that Miss Ramsden's approach is synthetic, I mean that she imposes an *idea of art* on *ideas in art* instead of arriving at the former after consideration of the latter. Let me illustrate by citing her attitude toward three aspects of sculpture: its first principles, its classifications, and its larger connotations.

With regard to first principles, Miss Ramsden suggests that geometrically analyzable design is the *sine qua non* of sculpture—in other words, that sculpture should be contained within the imaginary bounding lines of some geometric figure. In her book she mentions Calder and Gabo, and she quotes Whitehead, Eddington, and Planck, so that we might expect her to give this geometric chestnut a new angle. But she doesn't. Her geometry is Euclidean, not Riemannian, and her authority in this instance is Michelangelo, who allegedly said that the test of a good piece of sculpture is that it should survive unbroken if rolled down a hill. (David Smith, a contemporary American sculptor, once said "I should think a barrel could do it better," but Miss Ramsden neither quotes nor mentions him.)

In the book's "Prologue," for purposes of historical analysis, the author separates sculpture into three categories: "decorative," "imitative," and "creative." The word "decorative," she explains, is not used pejoratively, but refers to sculpture executed by "craftsmen" in conjunction with architecture. Her rigid system of classification, however, forces her to consider all the great sculpture of the pre-Renaissance period—including the Parthenon metopes and pediment figures, the carvings on the Royal Portal at Chartres, the tympanum reliefs at Vezelay—apart from sculpture which she terms "creative." And in making this distinction between art as craft (collective) and art as creation (individual), she ignores one of the most important facts of artistic creation—the fact that wherever we encounter greatness in art, we can be sure that a great artist was at work, regardless of whether or not we know his name today.

Finally, Miss Ramsden's non-empirical attitude is revealed in her discussion of the connotations of sculpture and its position vis-à-vis science. Like many intellectuals today, she is science-oriented. Concerned with justifying the existence of art in a "scientific age," she tells us that the contemporary artist is something of an intuitive scientist. (She speaks generically of the "scientific bias of the experimental sculptor.") The art which she deviously succeeds in linking with science is, for her, most significant, most expressive of our times, and most prophetic of some glorious future. Thus, Gabo's work in plastic, which she admires for its "quality of beautiful precision," is for her the *ne plus ultra* of contemporary art. Gabo, she says, "can probably gauge more accurately than almost any other sculptor the exact measure of his success or failure" and his best pieces are "clearly not susceptible of the smallest fraction of error."

Here, as elsewhere in her book, Miss Ramsden is more of an enthusiast than a logician. Indeed, her reverence before the work of art is far more convincing than her reasoning. After all, there's no arguing with the critic who tells you that a Giacometti "is right with an inevitable rightness" or that sculpture, "being the art of form in a unique sense, . . . has about it a greatness of quality."

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Fiction Notes

Continued from page 15

as having given "hope again for contemporary literature," and as having dared "one of the most moving lessons which so far have been given to the younger German generation," then it is clear that some response to its social implications has occurred.

The story tells the plight of Heinrich Mittenhaufen, a primary school teacher, who goes blind in 1950, after an attack of scarlet fever. His friend Moses Matthäus, a Jew, has spent many years in a concentration camp. The twenty-four toy bricks which he gives Mittenhaufen, to comfort his despair and sightlessness, were carved by one of Matthäus's companions at Auchswitz. There, the men had played with them under specific conditions. "First: You may only play if you cannot otherwise go on living. The second is: You may only play to give yourself hope of one day being able to live again. The third is: You may only play what lies in the future, what you believe you will one day be able to put into effect." But Mittenhausen, in his hospital bed, can only think of the past—when he was happy with his wife and children. After his discharge from the hospital, Moses takes him to visit Joseph Frieburger, another former inmate of the camp. He tells Mittenhausen that the prisoners "did not pay heed to the bricks while they played. Above all, they watched the many who were sitting around the circle . . . Keep the box," he adds, "and bear in mind that you see as long as you do not forget the faces of the others."

I have an uneasy feeling that the number 24—and much else—is meant to be significant; a suspicion which is neither dispelled nor satisfied. Again, Moses Matthäus's gift may well be meant to represent—as did that of the patriarch whose name he bears—a moral resurgence. Cloudy as his intentions often are, it is certain Jens suggests that the suffering of the Jews will mitigate the "blindness" and brutalities of the Third Reich, and that only a generous concern for mankind will overcome that terrible German self-absorption the world knows so well. But apart from the story's fugitive thesis, it is wise to modify the above assertion that Mr. Jens has written a "moving lesson" until there is substantial proof that a new Germany has learned that lesson well.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

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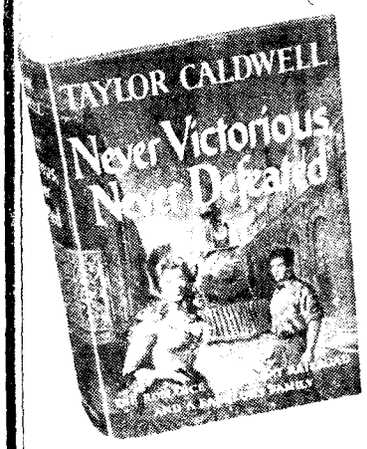

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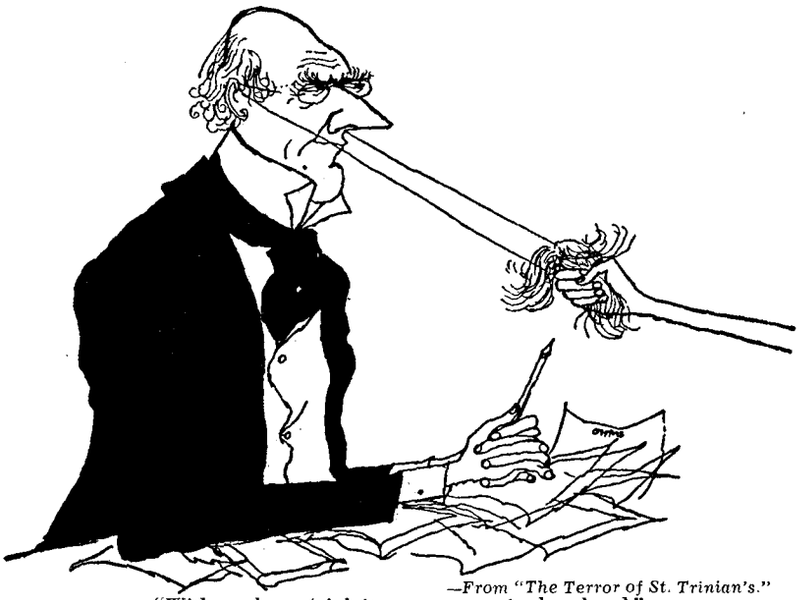
the rise of an emigrant Austrian boy in the New World, opens with seventeen-year-old Peter's arrival in America in 1919, and closes two years later with his becoming partner in a booming radio firm. With a single-minded devotion to his "vocation" which would do credit to the most fervent monastic novitiate, he leaves his protective New York relatives early in the book and, alone, goes forth to conquer Pittsburgh. There, renouncing pleasures, he studies nights and works days at a variety of increasingly technical jobs in the steel and electronic industries, succeeding all the way.

As Mr. White presents him, Peter is about as mechanical as the machines which totally engross him, and as he clanks along he is seen to be tiresomely narrow, utterly humorless, and quite wearying to read about, as are the rest of the characters. In addition, the story moves in a historical vacuum from which all the social events of the times have been expulsed.

The only scenes which come to life are the long, detailed descriptions of the industrial and technological processes in which Peter engages, and these are explained lucidly and interestingly.

The author has set himself an ambitious task in this series, and goes at it with dogged conscientiousness. His style, as well as his subject matter, might be called Dreiserian, thus relating him to an important figure in our literature. But Dreiser, with all his laborious massiveness, doesn't crush out the life of the nuance, and he does communicate living passion. This Mr. White achieves all too seldom. —JEROME STONE.



—From "The Terror of St. Trinian's."
"With a sharp 'zip' it came away in her hand."

SCHOOLGIRL MAYHEM: Ronald Searle is to English humor what Charles Addams is to ours. In numerous magazine cartoons he has created a school for young ladies called St. Trinian's, populated by a mob of spidery-limbed, wild-eyed little female gangsters from whose book of mayhem even Lizzie Borden might have learned something. Now he and a fiendish literary collaborator named Timothy Shy, in the copiously illustrated book, **"The Terror of St. Trinian's"** (British Book Centre, $2), tell what the publisher calls "the full sordid story." It has to do chiefly with Angela Menace, ringleader of the Fifth Form, who is diverted from her sport of drowning chums in the bath by a sudden, determined passion for Ronald Rover, a Byronic school-inspector. Angela has no truck with coy reticence, and her first honeyed words to Ronald are: "The day I marry the man of my choice, my Daddy places twenty thousand sweet smackers to my credit in Lloyd's Bank." Later, in a calculated fit of pique, Miss Menace determines to burn St. Trinian's.

The British terminology employed won't trouble Americans who enjoyed Stephen Potter's manuals, "Lifesmanship" and "Gamesmanship," with which comic exercises this book can be instructively compared. Searle's drawings and Shy's text mingle in droll conspiracy, and a good time should be had by all readers who have ever quelled the desire to set off a firecracker during school assembly. —JEROME STONE.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended notice in forthcoming numbers.

ADRIFT. By Sara Ware Bassett. Doubleday & Co. $2.75. Some gentle sing-song about a young woman who is deserted by her husband after the war, and of the eventual haven she finds when he is killed in a plane crash.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN. By Jerry Allen. Little, Brown & Co. $4.50. A new critical biography of America's first great public laugher, which covers every thing from the earliest days in Hannibal, Missouri, or Porkopolis, as it was called in those days, to the final years of fame and dark shadows.

ALEXANDRA. By E. E. P. Tisdall. John Day Co. $4.50. A biography of the Princess of Wales, Alexandra of Denmark, who lived to be Edward VII's queen and widow, and who, for the most part, has been lost all these years somewhere beneath the well-bastioned Victoria.

ALL IS NOT BUTTER. By Robert Banning. Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. An account of the several years the author—an ex-newspaperman—and his family have spent on his father's inherited dairy farm in Wisconsin.

ALL MY SINS. By Norbert Estey. A. A. Wyn. $3.50. The sins here are those of a seventeenth-century French *bosomière* who, in her eighty years on this rolling plant, has a score of lovers, including such merryhearts as Richelieu, Moliere, Corneille, Scarron, and Charles De Beaumont.

AROUND A RUSTY GOD. By Augusta Walker. Dial Press. $3. Goats to the right of us, goats to the left of us, this is the story of a small Chinese boy and how he raises two black goats. A first novel by a writer who has previously published in the *Partisan Review* and the *Yale Review*.

BLACK RENEGADE. By Dana Faralla. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A boy, Kevin Fitzgerald, who was in the author's "The Magnificent Barb," and his horse, a killer stallion named Black Lightning, and of their days together in old Georgia.

BLOOD LIKE NEW WINE. By Toni Howard. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. The chalk squeaking on the blackboard here involves an ex-Resistance hero, who comes home to France a bigamist, and murders his wife, a guilt-ridden American who attempts to save him and fails, and the guillotine.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA. Edited by the Editors of *The Commonweal*. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75. Seventeen essays on the present position of the Catholic Church in American life by such as Walter F. Kerr, John Cogley, William Clancy, and Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddin. The Protestant side of the case is given by Reinhold Niebuhr, and the Jewish by Will Herberg.

CELL 2455, DEATH ROW. By Caryl Chessman. Prentice-Hall. $3.95. An account of the author's life in crime, and of his existence in San Quentin, where he has been since 1948 after being convicted under California's "little Lindbergh Law." Mr. Chessman, according to prison I.Q. tests, is a genius. He is condemned to die in the gas chamber on May 14.

THE COURTS OF MEMORY. By Frank Rooney. Vanguard Press. $3.95. A first novel, by the author of that terrifying short story "The Raid," about a complicated and inbred relationship between a brother and sister.

DINING OUT IN AMERICA'S CITIES. By Raymond E. Ewell. Little, Brown & Co. Clothbound, $3.50. Paperbound, $2. Hark ye, Duncan Hines! A tour around America's better eateries alphabetically arranged by place names, and including the specialties of each house.

THE DOVE WITH THE BOUGH OF LEAVES. By Dunstan Thompson. Simon & Schuster. $3.75. A chronicle of the doings of one Katie O'Higgins, American-born, who becomes Lady Katherine Diss, a patroness, in her way, of the arts and of the thin-souls she gathers around her through the years.

EUROPE: A JOURNEY WITH PICTURES. By Anne Fremantle and Bryan Holme. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $7.50. A high-class travelogue through the non-Iron Curtain countries on the continent, with 250 gravures and a foreword by Lewis Mumford.

FANFARE FOR A WITCH. By Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. An im-

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mense historical kettle, filled to the brim, about the involved doings of George II and his wife Queen Caroline. The time, of course, is the eighteenth century.

FUN IN THE BACK YARD. By Arthur Lawson and Mary Breen. David McKay Co. $2.75. What to do with all that wearying leisure time, by using your back yard for everything from quoits to the cooking of one-pound Delmonicos.

GENERAL DEAN'S STORY. By Major General William F. Dean, as told to William L. Worden. Viking Press. $5. The incredible story of the capture and two years' imprisonment spent in North Korea by the Marine general.

GULF STREAM NORTH. By Earl Conrad. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Five lively days on a "menhaden" boat (a menhaden is an oil-producing fish related to the herring) sailing up the coast of Georgia, which include a big catch, a tangle with an octopus, a storm, and a trip to Davey Jones's locker.

HAPPY NEW YEAR, KAMERADES! By Robert James Collas Lowry. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A first collection of short stories from the young novelist ("Casualty," "The Violent Wedding"), about such cheerybles as the dismemberment of a cat, a roasting baby, a homosexual prostitute, and an abortion.

HOSPITAL OF THE QUEEN'S HEART. By Princess Ileana. Rinehart & Co. $3.50. The story of the small hospital which ex-Princess Ileana of Romania set up in 1944 and ran until she left her country in 1947 before the Communists.

LADY OF THE YELLOW RIVER. By Philip Gibbs. Roy Publishers. $2.75. A novel about a pedigreed English girl and her days as a wife and braveheart in pre-Communist China.

LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY. By Joyce Collin-Smith. Little, Brown & Co. $3.95. Wagon wheels and dust-bitten bullets. The setting is not the American West, however, but the wide lands of South Africa. The characters are Dutch. And the time is the first half of the last century.

THE LYSISTRATA OF ARISTOPHANES. Translated by Dudley Fitts. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. A new translation from the Greek of the play about women and war by the rollicking Athenian humorist. Mr. Fitts, the translator, is expert when he is up for the game.

MY PARTNER, BEN HOGAN. By Jimmy Demaret. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $2.95. A talkfest about the life and times of the wee icemon, by a longtime friend, golfer, and fashion plate.

PERDU. By Paride Rombi. Translated by Henry Reed. Harper & Bros. $3. "Perdu" means lost, in case you've forgotten, and it also is the name here of a small boy who searches for a father he has never known. An Italian novel, which won a major literary prize in that country when published.

RENDEZVOUS. By Rose Franken. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Miss Franken has here

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ostensibly put aside her epic of Claudia, the child-wife, to write a lightweight about a young French girl, or Claudia, who goes to England, then comes to America, and, when she returns to her homeland, finds that she is not ready for life with reliable old Jacques.

SALT IN OUR WOUNDS. By Jack Harvey. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A retelling of six hellish weeks the author and a handful of other seamen spent in an open boat after their tanker had been torpedoed by the Japanese during the last war.

SNOW CRYSTALS: Natural and Artificial. By Ukichiro Nakaya. Harvard University Press. $10. A study of snow, and of the structures of snow crystals in particular, by a professor of physics at Hokkaido University, Japan. Almost two thousand illustrations, many of which are photographs.

A SOUND OF VOICES DYING. By Glenn Scott. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. His first year at a gentlemen's college in Virginia, as it is experienced by Reid Carrington, who falls in love with somebody else's wife, and sees his best friend killed. A first novel.

THE SPIRIT AND THE CLAY. By Lynam Shevawn. Little, Brown & Co. $3.95. A novel about a group of flinty Basques who get in trouble politically immediately after the Spanish Civil War, and remain in a continual *toku boku* for the next fourteen years, until some escape to France, while the rest disappear underground.

THE STRUCTURE OF LITERATURE. By Paul Goodman. University of Chicago Press. $5. An examination of what it is to enjoy literature, and of the most recent developments in critical thinking, by a practising poet, playwright, and psychologist.

TAHITIAN HOLIDAY. By David Huntington. Henry Holt & Co. $4.95. An account of five months the author and his wife spent recently in Tahiti more as settlers than as tourists, and of their daily doings with groceries, ice, spearfishing, hula dancing, etc.

TALKING ABOUT FASHION. By Christian Dior. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50. A quick bubbling by Mr. Dior, who outfits women, you will recall, about how he got in the business, what it is like from the first glimmer to the final fitting, and much more.

THOUGHT, ACTION AND PASSION. By Richard McKeon. University of Chicago Press. $5. A study of how four universal themes—love, truth, freedom, and imitation—have been variously handled through the years by poets, philosophers, and historians.

TRAVELER'S CHEQUE. Edited by Jerome Weidman. Doubleday & Co. $4.50. A collection, by the sharp-eared, quickhearted novelist, with ebullient introductory essays, of assorted travel pieces, that range wondrously from the Bible to "The Swiss Family Robinson" to "Goodnight Sweet Prince" to "Two Years Before the Mast" to "Brazilian Adventure," and many leagues further onwards.

TREASURE-DIVING HOLIDAYS. By Jane and Barney Crile. Viking Press. $3.95. An account, for Saturday afternoon dreamers, of the twenty or so years the authors and their four children have spent diving for doubloons in the gentle deeps off California, Florida, the Bahamas, France, and Corsica.

TRIPLE MIRROR. By Jean-Jacques Gautier. Translated by Mervyn Savill. Roy Publishers. $2.50. A very old hat about the attempts of a reporter to exonerate a man sentenced to death by guillotine for the alleged slaying of his wife.

VENTURE ONCE MORE. By Winston Graham. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. The third in a related series of novels that began with "The Renegade" and "Demelza." This one continues the lives of Ross and Demelza Poldark through the losing of a daughter, the arrival of a new one, a trial, and the opening of a copper mine. The time is 1790.

THE YAZOO. By Frank E. Smith. Rinehart & Co. $4. The forty-eighth title in the "Rivers of America" series. This one concerns the grand flood that wanders through Tennessee and Mississippi, and is the largest tributary of the Old Man next to the Ohio. Mr. Smith has populated its banks with tales of cotton, slaves, abolitionists, old-time senators, Choctaws, and Chickasaws.

YOUR WASHINGTON. By Tristram Coffin. Little, Brown & Co. $3. A survey of Washington, D.C., its past, present, its buildings, monuments, and men.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

America and Asia

Continued from page 10

of the non-Communist world and also in her unceasing espousal of the values of democracy? The answer, if candid, can only be an unconcealed "no." And in considering the reasons for it we come to two more complex factors that determine Asia's current attitude. The fact is not that Asia abhors materialism and, therefore, dreads technology. The fact is that technology is a poor instrument of propagation and may, over a short term, be culturally pointless. Machines are useful but they lack a human tongue. They cannot encompass another people's life. They cannot make upon it the impress which is originally designed. And, in this connection, the fact is inescapable that, in present Asian societies, what technical aid America gives them gets harnessed to the advantage of the capitalists. Along with exporting machines and technical advice, America needs to export the social know-how which she has herself employed in their use. Not many in Asia are aware of the actual sinews of American life. The techniques of participation, the dispersion of ownership, the wide social range covered by capital formation, the relative harmony of labor-management relations, the fluidity of social or economic class: these phenomena constitute the human framework within which American machines play their part. And this framework is curiously closed to the Asian's eye.

UNFORTUNATELY, the current war of ideologies has completely distorted the social issues which Asia confronts. By polarizing human society into Right and Left, by dividing it into the crude extremes of black and white, it has blotted out many nuances of social thought and obscured many shades of gray. In the present situation, Asians are not commonly encouraged to perceive that the type of capitalism under which America operates is not the type which menaces them, that it is not the capitalism for which Marx predicted a sure collapse. What they understand by this term is still the landlord with his hoarded wealth, the profiteer, the status quo with its many iniquities. They hear the word approvingly used by Americans. They hear derisive talk of "creeping socialism." They conclude that injustice is thereby condoned and progress is sought to be blocked. The conclusion is false, the misunderstanding is tragic; but the reason is no more than a confusion of the two different senses in which these terms, "capitalism" and "socialism," are employed on the one side and construed on the other.

This point may well be the crux of the whole issue: any ambiguity about it is highly dangerous. The Asian must be shown that America does not seek to preclude the redistributive economic measures which are a sore need of the Orient and without which no growth of its energies is possible. The real nature of the American society deserves to be expressed. It deserves to be blazoned to the eye of the world. But it cannot be expressed unless sufficient stress is put on America's own ingrained attachment to social justice which she has realized herself, though not through the means the Communists would prescribe. This demands not only a change of terms but also a rejection of cliches. It demands a shift of emphasis from the antithesis of economic collectivism and free enterprise (which, to the gasping Asian, is meaningless) to the actuality of the American economy and the social system founded upon it. If these represent an ideology, the meaning of that ideology need not only be expressed in the context of the Communist-non-Communist clash. Its concepts should be released from the tensions of this conflict. They should be made independent of it. They should exceed it. In brief, Americanism should appear to exist in its own right and not as something other than Communism. Given this reinterpretation of America, the Asian would look to it in a state of mind, relaxed and unobsessed, in which his receptivity would not be blocked. For even though he bears attachment to the values of liberty and tolerance, he does not absorb the exact historical experience of the present times, the experience of choice between freedom and regimentation. It is an experience

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Topsy, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Harriet Beecher Stowe). 2. Flora, "The Turn of the Screw" (Henry James). 3. Cosette, "Les Misérables" (Victor Hugo). 4. Adele, "Jane Eyre" (Charlotte Brontë). 5. Emily "The Innocent Voyage" (Richard Hughes). 6. Wendy, "Peter Pan" (James M. Barrie). 7. Little Nell, "The Old Curiosity Shop" (Charles Dickens). 8. Mytyl, "The Blue Bird" (Maurice Maeterlinck). 9. Teresa, "Kingfishers Catch Fire" (Rumer Godden). 10. Velvet, "National Velvet" (Enid Bagnold).

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of strain, and his spirit hungers for repose. This hunger needs to be assuaged.

How often has it been said that the American will not explain his philosophy? How often has it been suspected that he does not have any? There exists considerable literature about the civilization of the United States, but a study of American thought which brings out its sane and sunny qualities, the balance in its approach and the humanity of its appeal, will probably still be found to come from the pen of a non-American—a Lin Yutang, for example. Such rare expositions apart, the Asian's idea of America is formed by movies, by the talk about vacuum cleaners and shiny automobiles, and by the brilliant animadversions of some European intellectuals. He is disposed to regard America as either "the enormous, abstract something" which an American, John Gunther, has called it or just a crazy offshoot of Western civilization. In the first case, it baffles him. In the second, it annoys him. He is vexed with Western civilization and he is vexed all the more with its self-confidence, which is precisely what he believes America represents. The serene optimism of the Founding Fathers, the rationalism of the American Proposition, the non-personal automatism of a drop-the-coin-in-the-slot civilization: all these symbolize to him a brave-new-world mood, an intolerable complacency. All these accord ill with his tortured mind, his sense of the disorder of the day.

This consciousness of disorder cannot be suppressed; it is to be released and enlarged. It can be enlarged by a more sensitive interpretation of the Proposition itself. It is true that the idea on which the Proposition is based bears no scars of mental conflict; it is a kind of idea, with only an intellectual appeal, and an idea which can raise no storms and generate no enthusiasms. Yet it is an idea which is capable of being redefined, in terms appropriate alike to the modern age and the Asian mind. If it is rationalist, its rationalism does not deny the subtler truths which Marx or Freud may have vouchsafed to us, and it is not incommensurate with the classical wisdoms of the East. But to represent it in this light, America has to reorient herself intellectually to the East. She has to represent a new civilization.

A new civilization? Particularly when America speaks the European tongues? When she embodies no culture distinct from that of the countries from which her population has derived? The common supposition is that, on the basis of its genesis, America will remain a continuation of Europe only. But it is doubtful if, in the whole field of history, we come across any two civilizations which succeeded each other and yet were entirely discontinuous. It is the whole, the *gestalt*, into which the various components merge that matters. If it is new, it puts the stamp of originality on the civilization which thus evolves. From this point of view, the interpretation suggested above is surely not unwarranted.

IT IS not a radically new thesis that the remarks made here attempt to present. The problem is not academic but practical; and original theories would hardly be relevant or useful just now. In the present state of intercultural contacts, the contradictions in America become exposed and the real content of its social system remains concealed. The resultant problems cannot be solved by prescribing panaceas. Some remedial measures may indeed be obvious. It is possible that more American travel in Asia will help. Perhaps a greater export of intellectual commodities is feasible. Perhaps a change of tone is necessary in both appeal and admonition. Surely, academic devices can be forged for freeing American thought from its "West European centredness." Surely, more American private investment in Asia will establish more intimate contacts. But none of these things, by itself, will break much new ground. The desideratum of the whole situation is to stimulate a new understanding. Its basis will not be supplied by presenting America partially or piecemeal or in capsules, but by reinterpreting it as a whole. And this understanding is not needed by the Asia of Syngman Rhee or Mao Tse Tung. It is needed by the vast masses of that continent, elusive but susceptible, indifferent but questioning, on whom the brunt of many future decisions may lie.

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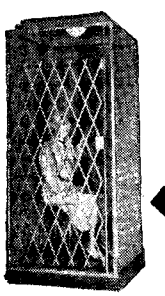

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A Preface to Lippmann

Continued from page 12

mind on questions which, even when they have bewildered him, he has stated with unbewildered clarity.

The world's problems, the current ones dealt with in his columns or the most lasting ones considered in many of his books, have been at once his hobby and vocation, his diversion and absorption. Not only has he lived with them professionally far longer than most, but no one over the decades has sought more earnestly to think them through. Nonetheless, he has never deluded himself into believing that he has had a final solution to offer or indeed that there was one.

Soon after he left college he had achieved the wisdom to realize that all the philosophical systems, though thought of by their authors as true and binding, are inadequate; that the biggest systems of theory are much more "like village lamp posts than they are like the sun"; that in the greatest philosophical work only an individual is speaking; that the search for the philosopher's stone, worse than being a quest for something not to be found, represents "the old indolence of believing that somebody (has) done the world's thinking once and for all."

Far from claiming he has done the world's thinking, Lippmann is conscious of the difficulties of doing his own. Even in his books he has been careful to point out that, if he is writing about government, he is not offering a legislative program; that, when he uses the word "preface" in a title, he does so to indicate what he has written is a beginning, not a conclusion; and that, instead of offering solutions, his hope is he may be supplying someone else with clues.

"God twist my tripes if I string out the obvious for the delectation of fools," wrote Mr. Justice Holmes when criticized for the brevity of some of his opinions and the speed with which he dashed them off. An elucidator always runs the risk of turning on the lights at high noon for those already in the know. Lippmann is not unaware that his readers include men and women who, by training or because of the public positions they hold, are experts on the topics he discusses. It is not for them, however, that he writes, and certainly not for them alone. Instead, it is for the millions who lack his background, who have little inclination and less time to give painstaking consideration to the subjects he analyzes, and whose search is for the illumination he endeavors to supply. His uncompromising premise is that, though his readers may not know, they either think or want to think, or they would not turn to him. He proceeds, therefore, to think out loud for them.

There are those who contend his writing is sometimes too clear to be true. Others, already in agreement with the point he is developing or familiar with the topic he has chosen, complain as a certain Twisden, C. J., did to a Mr. Saunders when, according to Holmes, he asked, "Why do you labor so for the Court is clearly with you?" Not many, however, whether they agree or disagree with him, question that in his writing he draws on an immense reservoir of knowledge; that he sees his task as a high one and tries to perform it in such a fashion; that thinking is for him an adventure which he trusts others will approach in the same spirit; or that, in the terms of his own definition of the true teacher, his chief concern is not persuasion but "the rationalization of the process by which conclusions are reached."

Few, even among those who oppose his beliefs violently, who scorn or mourn him as a liberal gone astray, or condemn his shifts in opinions as repudiations instead of reversals, deny his skill with words. Among his admirers many have themselves been distinguished writers. One is Van Wyck Brooks, who in "The Confident Years" saluted his career as "the most brilliant (that has) ever been devoted, in America, to political thinking." Another was Holmes (Sir Hubert indeed!), who during their long friendship seldom delivered a dissenting opinion on Lippmann's mastery of language. Holmes's letters to Pollock and Laski bubble over with such praise as "monstrous clever lad, W. L."; "he is a born writer"; "his writing is fly paper for me—if I touch it I am stuck till I finish it"; and "perhaps he doesn't get anywhere in particular (in "Public Opinion") but there are few living I think who so discern and articulate the nuances of the human mind."

HAROLD LASKI, that virtuoso among letter-writers and Little Corporal of conversationalists whose gift for fantasy and fiction was sometimes too urgent for him to keep under control, was one of those (there have been several) who, though once the intimates of Lippmann, have either cooled toward him or broken with him, even as he has broken with them. In the early Thirties Laski wrote about him to Holmes in whittling or jeering terms, saying "he has arrived at the stage when he is eager not to take intellectual risks," or describing him as his "main American disappointment," a man who seemed "to have worn terribly thin, and to be pontifical and dogmatic in realms where his knowledge and insight were lacking." During the Twenties, and just before them, Laski sang a very different song. In spite of reservations, he admired Lippmann's thinking for being "real, agile, quick, incisive"; expressed his gratitude in an introduction to one of his own books by admitting "there is little that can repay such friendship as he gives"; wished he had Lippmann's pen because "he makes words talk of themselves"; said "of all the *New Republic* bunch his mind (is) the wisest and most profound"; and applauded the "sparse, nervous strength in his style that obviously reflects great mental power."

Most of us are overtaken, without being aware of it, by testing moments to which we respond in a fashion symptomatic of our reactions in general. We react instinctively because of what we are predominantly, behaving at the direction of the controlling majority of our qualities. There is no hope of anticipating these moments. They steal upon us and, before we know it, we are revealed and self-summarized.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case was such a moment for thousands when, after dragging along for seven years, it reached the climax of its final phase and tragic ending in the summer of 1927. To many, here and abroad, then and even now, justice seemed at the

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 568

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 568 will be found in the next issue.

VHRBHCJRHAV NU VHRBHC

VFJV NU VSS SQI VS UBJAP.

—LFJCQSVVH MCHHAESSI.

Answer to No. 567

Bore—a person who talks when you wish him to listen.—Ambrose Bierce.

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time to have died in Massachusetts along with the shoemaker and the fish peddler who in its name were condemned to death.

Among those publicly tested were Walter Lippmann and Heywood Broun, both on the *World*, the one as the editor, the other as a deservedly popular columnist. On most of the fundamental points they were in full agreement. Both disapproved of Judge Webster Thayer's conduct of this trial in which two Italian-born anarchists were accused of murdering the paymaster of a shoe factory in South Braintree and his guard. Both felt the evidence, admittedly circumstantial, was contradictory, inconclusive, and confused. Both believed that, far from establishing guilt beyond reasonable doubt, it created sizable doubts of the most reasonable kind. Both were dissatisfied with and exposed the flaws in the report written at Governor Alvin T. Fuller's request by a three-man Advisory Committee headed by Harvard's president, the venerable A. Lawrence Lowell. And both hoped the execution would be stayed and a new trial held.

Seldom, however, have two men who agreed on so much reacted in ways so drastically different. This was inevitable since each in his response was true to his character, and their characters were poles apart. Broun, that great, stooping, kind-faced giant with the twinkling eyes, who managed to make whatever clothes he wore (including a dinner jacket) look like a mangy raccoon coat, was a man widely loved and widely loving. He was a grab bag of gifts supposedly contradictory. A sentimentalist (in his phrase "an easy weeper") at the same time he was a wit and humorist, he was also an extravagant champion, a formidable foe, and a crusader whose indignation blazed forth with passion and without restraint. He had only contempt for commentators whose search was for the right word rather than the just cause. He never had to search for either. Lazy as he was until forced by a deadline to face a typewriter at the last moment, there was nothing lazy about his conscience. It was as outsized as he.

Inescapably, Broun and Lippmann did not see eye to eye on many things, and had not even at Harvard. In his second novel, "The Sun Field" (1923), Broun had his classmate in mind when he wrote about an editor who was so overeducated that "there wasn't room to put any more education on him," and added, "That is one of the things there ought to be a law about. A city statute should lay down the principle that nobody should be educated above the twenty-third story." Broun always took pains to make it clear he was not an intellectual: Lippmann has never taken any to disguise the fact that he is.

Broun approached the Sacco-Vanzetti case frankly as an emotionalist. Lippmann no less frankly as a logician. They battled with equal courage, but where the one thought with his heart (a huge and tender heart) the other felt with his mind (an excellent and incisive mind). Broun was as personal as Lippmann was impersonal, and as torrid as he was temperate. Broun was fighting mad and pulled no punches in the two unforgotten columns he published before the *World* refused to print other columns by him on the subject and he left the paper. He was ashamed of the public because of its apathy; enraged with the entrenched order because, in his view, it was more interested in setting an example which would reinforce its own security than in guaranteeing justice; and no less infuriated with Fuller, Thayer, and Lowell. Accordingly, he went in swinging, thumping heads or groins with all the wit, sarcasm, passion, and eloquence at his command. The *World* accused him of stating his opinions "with the utmost extravagance" and taking "a witch's Sabbatical." But to this day the heat of the controversy is so flaming in his words that they burn like faggots.

Lippmann was as disturbed by Broun's violence as Broun was amazed at Lippmann's calm. Lippman felt that such unrestrained invective was more an individual indulgence than a public service, since it was bound to anger Governor Fuller and stiffen his resolve not to stay the execution. As Lippmann saw it, it was all very well for Broun, who did not face the electric chair, to insist out of the most sincere high-mindedness, that nothing less than a pardon or a new trial was satisfactory to him. To Lippmann, however, the saving of the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti was more important than the airing of anyone's views.

American journalism, so often charged with irresponsibility, was never more responsible than in the full-page editorial by him which appeared in the *World* on August 19. It remains a model of cool reasoning and detailed exposition. Facts, not fury, were Lippmann's concern, and he marshaled them with masterly logic as he reviewed the case, stressed the doubts it had raised, and pled for a stay of execution and a new trial. On the day following the execution Lippmann carried moderation to a point which outraged Broun. He wrote an editorial in which he praised such valiant defenders of Sacco and Vanzetti as Felix Frankfurter at the same time that he paid his respects to the members of the Lowell committee for having bravely done a disagreeable duty. Broun held that such "sportsmanship," while desirable at a Harvard-Yale game, was shocking when, as it seemed to him, two innocent men had been murdered.

He did not share Lippmann's willingness to recognize that there are two sides to almost every question. Once he accused Lippmann of being the greatest carrier of water on both shoulders since Rebecca at the well. Another time he condemned him as a specialist in safeties, "quite apt to score a field goal for Harvard and a touchdown for Yale in one and the same play."

Broun is not the only one in Lippmann's long career to have misinterpreted his eagerness to be fair as timidity. His enemies rejoice in quoting Mabel Dodge's "Walter was never never going to lose an eye in a fight." Such a verdict is a glaring untruth as any open-minded reader of Lippmann's columns or books must acknowledge. More accurately, it is no more true of him than of most other writers, including Broun who frankly confessed that physically he was an elephant who could be frightened by nearly any mouse.

A WRITER fights in his own way. Words and ideas are his fists. Shaw, one of the most dauntless of intellectual combatants, knew this. When the Fabians had once become involved rather ludicrously in a street brawl, he decided that martyrdom was "the only way that a man can become famous without ability." Shaw valued his own intellectual abilities far too much to have a relish for physical martyrdom. "I am a thinker, not a fighter," said he. "When the shooting begins I shall get under the bed, and not emerge until we come to real constructive business."

Lippmann would not have the opponents he has or have laid himself open to being proved incorrect if he had ducked the risks of commitment. For that matter, he would never have been accused of reversing himself if he had not taken definite positions. His convictions are firm, and always have been. But there are those unable or unwilling to recognize this, because the tolerance with which he states them is intolerable to them.

Nowhere are prejudices more mistaken for truth, passion for reason, and invective for documentation than in politics. That is a realm, peopled only by villains or heroes, in which everything is black or white and gray a forbidden color. Lippmann is aware of the disfavor he invites by appealing "to thought which is pale rather than to lusts which are strong." He realizes there are readers who find qualifications obnoxious and balance

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repellent—and disregards them. His hope is to weigh, not sway. He knows that the so-called "strong" position (with its overstatement and unquestioning partisanship) is often the "weak" one both morally and intellectually, since it refuses to face the intricacy of issues and the complexity of truth. He faces both, no matter how "mugwumpish" or "academic" his doing so may make him appear, and this in itself requires courage of a very real, if special, kind.

In "Man's Unconquerable Mind" Gilbert Highet tells how a wise man of our own time, when asked what was the single greatest contribution of Greece to the world's welfare, replied that beyond question it was the words meaning "on the one hand" and "on the other," since without these balances we cannot think. No political writer in our day has been more mindful of these balances or the need for them than Walter Lippmann. The right for him has never been the exclusive or abiding possession of any party or individual. Neither a hero-worshiper nor a debunker, he has been quick to praise our leaders from Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson down to Truman and Eisenhower for what he considers their good qualities and achievements, and no less quick to condemn them for their defects and errors.

BECAUSE he has refused to concede that an uninformed majority has any mystical guarantee of always being right, some have accused him of not believing in democracy. The best answer to such a charge is his own career which has been a long and distinguished fight in the interest of democracy against ignorance, indifference, and bigotry. Keenly conscious that the democratic process is healthy only when defended from its weaknesses by an enlightened electorate, he has made it his life work to provide this enlightenment to the utmost of his ability.

As journalists must, he has written too much, turning out thousands of words bound to be dead almost as soon as they appear. Inevitably, he has had his good days and his bad, his lean years and his full. Of these the present year has been one of his best, as demonstrated (to choose at random from his recent columns) in his wonderfully clear and clarifying article on the Brownell-McCarthy controversy; his vigorous exposure of Langer's abuse of Senatorial privileges when he tried to block Warren's confirmation as Chief Justice; and his eloquent pleas for Eisenhower to abandon a Vice Presidential concept of the Presidency as a presiding officer and assert his full authority and leadership as Chief Executive. Indeed, Lippmann's writing this year has even caused Dean Acheson, a cool friend of whom Lippmann has long been fiercely critical, to say, according to one of their mutual acquaintances, "I begin to think something must be wrong with me. I find myself agreeing a lot with Walter."

Readers are apt to believe political commentators, like all other critics, are at their best when they agree with them. Agreement with Lippmann may add to the pleasure of reading him, but one does not have to agree to be interested in his writing. The processes of his thought, the why's and wherefore's of his thinking, the steps in logic by means of which he moves forward to his conclusions or supports a thesis, have an interest and a value of their own, both uncommon. In the Emersonian sense Lippmann is Man Thinking, a scholar in his own field and therefore a person with a "delegated intellect," but Man Thinking nonetheless, and a man who has been thinking hard these many years about political and governmental problems as current as any day's headline or as old as Plato's "Republic."

Politically, his search has been for an outward order that would guarantee the dignity and freedom of the individual by protecting him from the encroachments of the state. Philosophically, he has sought for a faith that would restore serenity to those "perplexed by the consequences of their own irreligion." He has endeavored to define not only the Good Society but the good man in that society, and in the process has made a unique contribution to our own society. Both as a journalist and philosopher, he has been more significant as an elucidator than an originator. As both, he has fought for and against many things and the fairness of his fighting method has set a notable example.

Lippmann's most important fight has been his long battle against the darkness in men's minds. He has pled for sanity in a period of hysteria, moderation in the place of intemperance, and the rigors of thought instead of easy surrenders to partisanship. In spite of other inconsistencies, he has never failed in these respects to practice what he has preached. Even now in an age of unreason, when slurs, lies, innuendoes, and rumors are widely accepted as facts, Lippmann still speaks with the quiet voice of reason. Always valuable, in these times when fear has reduced so many to irrationality, he has become invaluable.

(This is the final instalment of a three-part article on Walter Lippmann.)

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PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Object from antiquity introduced into modern official sport in 1908.	118 85 135 190 28 24 60
B. When a pear is not a pear, it might be this.	186 56 162 160 91 153 166
C. Surname, Burns's "Clarinda" (1759-1841).	131 113 196 116 10 94 177
D. Ivorylike.	182 148 37 96 32 199 50 68 87
E. Similar.	27 11 1 125
F. Ungulate.	75 117 141 78 149 100
G. Offhand.	189 137 164 193 105 46 112 65 81
H. Puzzle involving a mutation of letters.	184 25 124 175 12 58 198 109 161
I. Large shark, American and European waters, remarkable for its long tail.	126 47 98 59 200 40 88 82
J. Colloquial for vexed, disturbed (3 wds.).	151 119 140 144 142 129 36 89 97 178
K. With "Old", nickname for the Duke of Wellington (1769-1852).	195 134 120 128
L. What Kim's lama said some other wayfarers of life were bound upon (2 wds.).	154 44 104 49 2 110 173 23
M. Written account of merchandise shipped.	79 69 90 111 123 169 66
N. Important agricultural and commercial commune, Lugo prov., Spain (with "de Lemos").	176 45 152 143 170 35 121 19

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Class of substance of which there are but 92 in nature, though chemists have created *eight more*.	6 22 101 42 55 139 14
P. Concede.	99 5 171 62 43
Q. Rapid involuntary oscillation of eyeballs (often apparent in movies of the late FDR).	54 150 7 8 34 33 197 63 72
R. Taken in groups of ten.	84 71 174 179 106 52 114
S. The "missel" bird of Europe.	93 13 145 51 191 18
T. English tenor who sang in first performance of Haydn's "Creation", 1800.	41 92 61 70 108 181 15 26
J. Soften wounded feelings; pacify.	133 95 188 107 29 16 185
V. Having a balanced disposition (comp.).	48 30 76 38 167 156 122 103 158 67 132 180
W. In churches, recess in a wall to hold sacramental vessels, etc.	157 20 127 4 77
X. Goldsmith's "royal game", formerly played with counters on a board.	80 130 168 102 57
Y. Center for English military training.	3 187 53 138 165 73 155 192 74
Z. Taint; pollute.	21 64 163 83 146 17
Z¹. Group of SW Pacific islands where U.S. has a naval base on Espiritu Santo (2 wds.).	183 194 115 9 147 172 157 31 39 136 86

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 E	2 L	3 Y	4 W	5 P	6 O	7 Q	■	8 Q	9 Z¹	10 C	11 E	12 H	13 S	14 O	■	15 T
16 U	■	17 Z	18 S	19 N	■	20 W	21 Z	22 O	23 L	24 A	25 H	26 T	27 E	■	28 A	29 U
30 V	31 Z¹	32 D	33 Q	■	34 Q	35 N	36 J	37 D	38 V	39 Z¹	■	40 I	41 T	42 O	■	43 P
44 L	45 N	46 G	■	47 I	48 V	■	49 L	50 D	51 S	52 R	53 Y	■	54 Q	55 O	56 B	57 X
58 H	■	59 I	60 A	61 T	62 P	63 Q	64 Z	65 G	66 M	67 V	■	68 D	69 M	70 T	71 R	72 Q
73 Y	■	74 Y	75 F	76 V	77 W	■	78 F	79 M	80 X	81 G	82 I	83 Z	84 R	■	85 A	86 Z¹
■	87 D	88 I	89 J	90 M	91 B	92 T	93 S	94 C	■	95 U	96 D	■	97 J	98 I	99 P	100 F
101 O	102 X	103 V	104 L	105 G	106 R	107 U	108 T	■	109 H	110 L	111 M	112 G	113 C	114 R	■	115 Z¹
116 C	117 F	■	118 A	119 J	120 K	121 N	■	122 V	123 M	124 H	125 E	126 I	■	127 W	128 K	■
129 J	130 X	131 C	132 V	■	133 U	134 K	135 A	136 Z¹	137 G	138 Y	139 O	140 J	■	141 F	142 J	■
143 N	144 J	145 S	146 Z	147 Z¹	■	148 D	149 F	150 Q	151 J	152 N	153 B	■	154 L	155 Y	156 V	■
157 Z¹	158 V	159 W	160 B	161 H	■	162 B	163 Z	■	164 G	165 Y	166 B	167 V	168 X	169 M	170 N	171 P
■	172 Z¹	173 L	174 R	175 H	176 N	177 C	■	178 J	179 R	180 V	181 T	182 D	183 Z¹	184 H	185 U	■
186 B	187 Y	188 U	189 G	190 A	191 S	■	192 Y	193 G	■	194 Z¹	195 K	196 C	197 Q	198 H	199 D	200 I

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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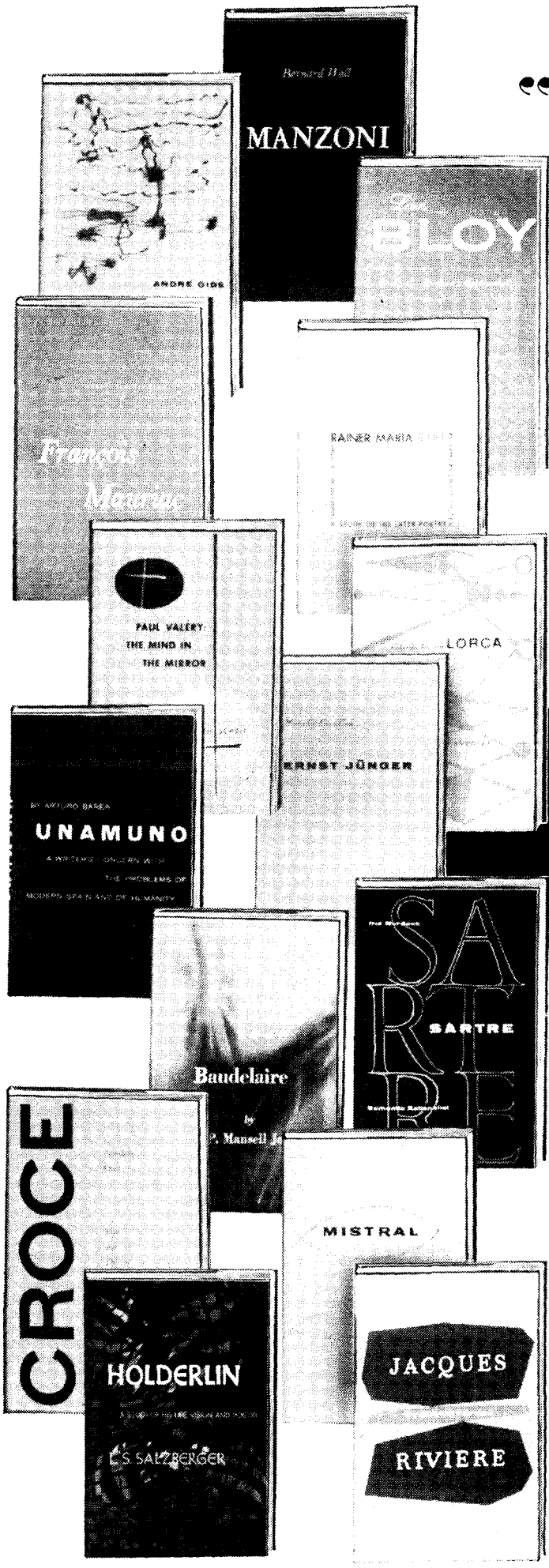

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